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Original Pictures of Life.

THE

PET FROM THE POOR HOUSE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS,

AUTHOR OF "MALINA GRAY," "DAVID HUNT," ETC., ETC.

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CONTINUED.

CHAPTER III.

Oh, it is hard for rich men in their pride,
To know how dear a thing it is to give;
When, for sweet charity, the poor divide
The little pittance upon which they live
And from their scanty comforts take a share
To save a wretched brother from despair

Chester was sitting by the fire, a serious expression had settled on his features, and he was pondering over the events of the evening, his mind reverting constantly in spite of himself to the conversation which he had held with the Mayor. Like most excitable persons, he found on reviving his own words much to regret in them. His impulse had been kind, his intention good, but notwithstanding this, the policeman was compelled to admit that his entrance into the Mayor's house was singular, his words imprudent. Both were certainly justified by the occasion. Still Chester felt that he had made an enemy of one who had power to injure him deeply, and this thought gave a serious cast to his features.

Jane Chester had put her little charge to bed, and now drew a chair close to her husband and placed her hand upon his.

"You are tired, John," she said. "You seem worn out. Has anything gone wrong that you look so grave?"

"I fear, Jane," said Chester, turning his eyes upon the benign face of his wife with a look of deep affection; "I fear that I have not acted in the wisest manner to-night—by a few rash words I may have made an enemy."

"An enemy and of whom?" enquired the wife, entering as she always did, heart and soul, into any thing that disturbed her husband.

"One who has the power to harm us," said Chester, and seeing her look of anxiety, he told her all his interview with the Mayor, and the rash words that he had used regarding the little girl. As Jane Chester listened, the anxious expression on her face gave way to a glow of generous indignation.

"Why, what else could you have done with the poor little thing in that dreadful state and the station house so far off? Surely the Mayor deserved all that you said and more—he will be conscious of this and be glad to forget it."

"I don't know," said Chester, thoughtfully, "I should think him capable of anything but a frank and honest feeling of forgiveness."

"Well," said Jane Chester, hopefully, "we must not anticipate evil in this way. Let the Mayor be ever so angry he really has no power to harm us. You can only be broken for bad conduct, and then we can defy him, you know."

Chester smiled, but more at the trust and exulting love that beamed in his wife's face, than from any confidence excited by her words. He had relieved his mind by this little confidential chat, and made an effort to be cheerful again.

Mrs. Chester turned and glanced toward the bed where her little guest lay quite still, and to all appearance asleep. She looked so comfortable in her snow white gown and the little cap of spotted muslin with its border of cheap lace falling softly around the high forehead and hollow temples, that Mrs. Chester could not help smiling.

"How contented she looks," murmured the happy wife, pressing her husband's hand, and thus drawing his attention toward the little bed. "Did you ever see such a change in your life?"

"She does sleep very quietly and looks almost pretty, now that one cannot see how crooked she is. You are pleased that I brought her home, Jane?"

"Pleased, why yes, of course I am pleased, but then this is only for one night, John. What will become of her to-morrow?" and Mrs. Chester looked with a sort of pleading earnestness into her husband's face, as if she had something on her mind which he might not quite sanction.

"I know—it was that partly which made me a little down hearted just now. It will be hard for her to go away to-morrow—she will feel it very much after this night, when you have made her so snug and comfortable."

"But why send her away," said Mrs. Chester softly, as if she were proposing something very wrong, only that her eyes were brim full of kindness, and a world of gentle persuasion lay in the smile with which she met his surprised look—it was a smile of audacious benevolence, if we may use the term.

"If we *could* afford it," said Chester, heaving a sigh; "but no—no, Jane, we must not think of this, remember I am in debt still. Let us be just before we are charitable. We have no right to give while we owe a cent which is not yet earned."

The smile left Jane Chester's face—she sighed and looked gravely in the fire; this view of the matter dampened her spirits; after a little her face brightened up.

"Well, John, I suppose you are right, but then what if I manage to keep the child and save just as much at the end of the week as usual; then it would be my own little charity, you know."

"But how can you manage that, Jane?"

"Well, now, promise to let me have my own way—just promise that before we go another step—and I will manage it; you shall see."

Chester shook his head, and was about to speak, but his wife rose just then half leaning on his chair, her arm somehow got around his neck, and bending her red lips close to his cheek, she raised the only hand that was disengaged and folded the fingers over his mouth.

"Not a word, John—not a word; only promise to let me have my own way—I will have it—you know that well enough!"

"Well," said Chester, laughing, and trying to speak through the fingers that held his lips, "well, go on—I promise—only don't quite stop my breath!"

"Very well," said Jane Chester, removing her hand, and clasping it with the other that fell over his shoulder; "now you shall hear."

"With our little family, you know, I have a great deal of spare time."

"I don't know any such thing, Jane—you are always at work."

"Oh, yes, stitching your shirt-bosoms in plaits so fine that nobody can see them; ruffling Isabella's pantalettes, and knitting lace to trim morning gowns and frocks—but what does that amount to?"

"Why, nothing, only you and Isabella always look so pretty and lady-like with these things."

"Very well—but does all this stitching and so on, help to pay your debts?"

"No, perhaps not; but then it pleases me—it sends us into the world well dressed, and—"

"Gratifies your pride a little, hey," said Mrs. Chester, interrupting him. "Very well then, this shall not be all my own charity. You and Isabella shall help—we will all adopt the little lame girl."

"Well, what do you mean—what would you be at?"

"Why, just this—all the extra work that occupies me so much, we must do without; you shall be content with clean white linen, and Isabella's frocks and things must go with less trimmings—she is pretty enough without them, you know—then I can take in sewing, and earn enough to pay for what the poor little thing will eat. Perhaps she knows how to sew a little; at any rate, she and Isabella will be handy about the house, and give me more time. There, now, isn't my plan a good one—after all, you will do the most for her. I shall only do about the same work as ever. You and Isabella will make all the sacrifices."

"I am afraid not," replied Chester, drawing his wife towards him and kissing her forehead—"but we shall make some, for I have often thought how dreadful it would be to have you—so pretty, so well educated—obliged to go round from shop to shop inquiring for work; and have thought with some pride, perhaps, that while I lived you should never come to this."

"But," said Mrs. Chester, with animation, "if we had no other way—if Isabella were crying for bread, then you would not object—you would give up this feeling of pride—for after all, it is only that."

"No, it is something more than pride, Jane," said Chester, tenderly. "I love to feel that your comforts are all earned by my own strength; that I am soul and body your protector; were I able, you should never soil these hands with labor again!"

Mrs. Chester lifted the hand which clasped hers to her lips, and her eyes beamed with joy through the tears that filled them.

"I know all this, John, and it makes me love you! oh, how dearly; but then it is wrong—very, very delightful, but still wrong."

"Why wrong, Jane, I cannot understand that?"

"Wrong—why because it might, if I were only selfish enough to take advantage of your tenderness, make me a very useless, gossiping, idle sort of person."

"You would never become that, Jane."

"No, I should not like to become one of those shopping, dandling drones in the great hive of human life, who exist daintily on their husband's energies, making him the slave of capricious wants that would never exist but for the idea that it is refined and feminine to be useless. I would be a wife; a companion; a help to my husband."

"And so you are, all these and more," said Chester, gazing with delight on her animated face. "God bless you, Jane, for you have been to me a noble and true wife."

"Well, then, of course I am to have my own way now. This poor child, I shall not mind in the least asking about work, when it is for her."

"But the shop keepers, they will not know why you do this?"

"Well, what need I care for that?"

"They will think you have a very shiftless, or perhaps dissipated husband, who obliges you to go about among them begging for work."

"No—no, these miseries are not written in my face, John, they will never think that of me."

"Or a widow, perhaps?" rejoined Chester, with a faint smile.

"Don't talk in that way, John," and Mrs. Chester's eyes filled with tears. "A widow—your widow—I should never live to be that. The very thought makes my heart grow cold. With you I can do anything—but alone—a widow—John, never mention that word again!"

Chester drew down his wife's head and kissed her cheek, very tenderly, smoothing her bright tresses with his hand the while.

"Why you should learn to think of these things without so much terror, Jane," he said, in a voice full of tenderness, but still sad, as if some unconquerable presentiment were overshadowing him.

"No—no—I cannot! Talk of something else, John; the little girl, we have forgotten her."

The husband and wife both looked toward the couch. The little girl had half risen, and with her elbow resting on the pillow, was regarding them intently with her large and glittering eyes.

"We have disturbed her!" said Jane Chester. "How wide awake she is," and she went up to the couch.

"I could not help listening," said the child, falling back on the pillow as Jane came up. "Besides, I want to say something. I can sew very nicely, and wash dishes, and sweep, and a great many other things, so you will let me stay—if you will *only* let me stay!"

"You shall stay—now go to sleep—you shall stay. Is it not so, John?" said Mrs. Chester, turning to her husband.

"Yes," said Chester, "the child shall stay with us; let her go to sleep."

They all slept sweetly that night; Chester, his wife, little Isabella and the orphan, and such dreams as they had—such soft, bright dreams. Could you have seen them slumbering beneath that humble roof, smiling tranquilly on their pillows, you might have fancied that those little rooms were swarming with invisible angels—spirits from paradise that had come down to make a little heaven of the poor man's home. Indeed, I am not quite sure that the idea would have been all fancy—for Charity, that brightest spirit of heaven, was there, and what a glorious troop she always brings dancing in her train. Talk of flinging your bread upon the waters, waiting for it to be cast up after many days—why the very joy of casting the bread you have earned with your own strength upon the bright waves of humanity, is reward enough for the true heart.

CHAPTER IV.

Chester had business with the Chief of Police, and about nine o'clock the next morning, after his adventure with the orphan, he passed into the Park, through the south entrance, on his way to the Chief's office. At the same moment his Honor, the Mayor, came through a gate on the corner of Chamber Street, and walked with calm and stately deliberation toward the City Hall. Nothing could have been more precise or perfect than the outward man, which his honor exhibited to the gaze of his constituents. Neatly fitting boots, square toed, and of the most elaborate manufacture, encased his feet. Not a speck defiled their high polish, the very dust and mud which introduces itself coolly into the habiliments of your common, warm hearted men seemed to shrink away chilled and repulsed by the immaculate coldness that clung like an atmosphere around the Mayor of New York. The nap of his hat lay upon the crown shining and smooth as satin; so deeply and thoroughly was it brushed down into the stock, that it seemed as if a whirlwind would have failed to ripple the fur. His black coat, his satin vest and plaited shirt bosom presented a glossy and spotless surface to the winter sun. His black gloves—in New York we have a great many public funerals, and the city supplies mourning gloves to the Common Council—his black gloves were neatly buttoned, and above them lay his snow-white wristbands folded carefully over the cuffs of his coat, and his right hand grasped a prutish looking cane which seemed part and parcel of the man.

A beautiful picture of official dignity was the Mayor as he crossed the Park that morning. An expression of bland courtesy lay upon his features—all the proprieties of life seemed elaborated in his slightest movement. Nothing save heart and principle was lacking that could ensure popularity, but this deficiency, if it does not render a man absolutely unpopular, chills all enthusiasm regarding him. A man must possess fire in himself before he can kindle up the electric wires that thrill the great popular heart. With all his propriety—with all his silky and subtle efforts, our Mayor was generally regarded with indifference. He was neither loved or hated sufficiently for the populace to know or care much about him. Yet Oily Gammon himself could not have presented a more perfect surface to the people. Still this man could hate like an Indian and sting like a viper. You would not have doubted that, had you seen him when he first encountered Chester in the Park. There was a glitter in his eye which you could not have mistaken. The moment he saw Chester turning an angle of the City Hall, this flash came and went, leaving his face unmoved as before, only that he almost smiled as the policeman drew near.

"And how is your little charge this morning?" said his honor, pausing in the walk where it curves to the back entrance of the City Hall. "Better, I hope?"

"Oh, yes, sir, much better," answered Chester, with generous warmth. "I thank your honor for enquiring."

"I suppose you are going to the Alms House Commissioner," rejoined the Mayor, glancing toward the long old building which runs along Chambers Street, where many of the public offices are held, "she will be well cared for at Bellevue."

Chester blushed as if he were confessing some fraud, and answered with embarrassment that the little girl would remain with him, at least for the present.

The Mayor looked perfectly satisfied with the answer, bowed and walked forward. On his way up the steps and along the lobby, he occasionally saluted some lawyer that plunged by him with half a dozen calfskin books under his arm, and paused once or twice to exchange words with a street inspector or petty official, who formed the small wires of his political network.

The Mayor spent half an hour in his private office, closeted with his chief clerk, who had been busy over night preparing a speech which his honor was to deliver before some distinguished city guest the next day. In these matters the chief magistrate proved rather hard to please, as he was fond of high sounding words and poetical ideas, but found them very difficult to commit to memory.

In this case the clerk had done wonders, and taking a copy for study, his honor disposed himself in the great easy chair of his private room, with the manuscript before him, as if profoundly occupied with some intricate law opinion, and commenced the arduous task of committing the ideas of a better cultivated mind to his own sterile brain. While he was thus occupied, there entered from the outer office, where he had been conversing with the clerks, a heavy and somewhat pompous looking man, with sandy hair, light eyes and a mouth so coarse and sensual that it gave an expression of predominating animal appetites to his whole appearance. This man entered with a sort of good-humored blustering air, and threw himself into a seat by the fire, carelessly shaking the Mayor's hand as he passed, as if quite certain of a good reception at all times.

"Busy making out a new veto case, I dare say?" said the visitor, glancing at the sheet of manuscript which his honor held.

The Mayor folded up his unlearned speech, and turned quietly in his chair, dropped into a desultory conversation with this man about city matters, talking in a circle, and gradually drawing toward the subject which he had at heart, till it seemed to drop in quite by accident.

"Speaking of policemen," said the Mayor, "there is a man in our ward, alderman, whom I have heard of very often, lately, a tall, gentlemanly sort of a fellow—Chester, I think that is his name. Do you happen to know anything about him?"

"Chester—Chester—yes, I should think so. A fellow that reads like a minister and writes like a clerk; he is a perfect nuisance in the ward. You have no idea what mischief he does with his gentlemanly airs."

"What! a strong politician is he?"

"I hardly know; but he is not one of us, that is certain. Why, what do you think the impertinent fellow did by me?"

"Indeed I cannot guess."

"There was an emigrant family wandering about the streets in our ward, destitute, and you can hardly guess how miserable. The whole nest of them, father, old women and children, huddled together close by my bakery, one night, like so many wild animals, shivering with cold and hunger. It happened that we had taken rather more milk for the rusk and things that day than was wanted, and it was getting sour; so, as people kept crowding round the emigrants, I sent out the milk—a full gallon, and only just turned—for the poor people to drink, with word that it came from the alderman of the ward. While I was watching them from the bakery window, this very Chester came up and took them, milk, pail and all, down to the station house, where they were fed like princes. The next morning the captain of the ward sent in his report, written out by this very Chester, and what do you think, sir, no mention was made of the milk!—not a word of what I had done—the whole story of their destitute situation was written out in full, but not a word of the milk. He sent the pail home, and that was all."

"Certainly the fellow ought to be removed," said the Mayor, with difficulty suppressing a smile. "I wonder some one has never preferred charges against him."

"Plenty of our people have been lying in wait for him, but he is not to be trapped; he understands all the rules, and lives up to them. He never drinks—is always respectful—appears on his beat punctual as a clock. In short it is a hopeless case."

"Then it must be a very singular one," said the Mayor, with a meaning smile. "Is there no good friend of your own who would be glad of the situation?"

"Oh, yes—one to whom I have made a half promise; but we can get no hold on this Chester, he will baffle us still."

"Perhaps not. Let your friend, who is waiting for the situation, continue vigilant. If he is keen-sighted, his evidence will have weight with me."

Our Alderman of the Nineteenth looked hard at the Mayor, somewhat doubtful if he understood the whole meaning conveyed more in the glance than in the words of that honorable gentleman, who saw his perplexity and spoke again.

"You know, my dear friend, how far I would strain a point to serve you, but there must be some evidence—something, however slight, you understand,—which can be readily obtained against any man."

The Mayor saw by the smile that disturbed the heavy lip of his friend, that he was at length thoroughly understood.

"You know that there is no appeal from my decision," he added, with a smile.

"I comprehend," replied the alderman, standing up and rubbing his palms gleefully together, while he refreshed himself before the fire as if he had been rejoicing near a well heated oven in his own bakery, "it shall be managed. This is very kind of you, very kind, indeed. I shall not forget it!"

"I think your friend may be sure of his situation," was the amiable reply; "you know it is our duty to watch these people well. I think your friend may deem himself secure."

"No doubt of it, now that we have a friend at court!"

"Oh, not a word of that," said the Mayor, lifting his hand reprovingly, "everything must be in order, according to rule, you know."

The Mayor smiled, while his friend laughed out, repeating to himself between each chuckle—"Oh, yes, according to rule—according to rule," and eager to undertake his new enterprise, the inflated gentleman took his leave, walking through the outer room with an exaggeration of his previous blustering importance, that quite astonished the clerks. Never since the day when he made his first shilling peddling doughnuts in a hand-basket, had the worthy alderman been so vividly conscious of his own personal importance. The Mayor looked after him with a bland smile till the worthy official was out of sight, then the smile glided into a contemptuous sneer, and muttering to himself—"The pompous block-head, he is so easily cajoled that one scarcely feels a pleasure in using him." And with these muttered words the noble hearted magistrate betook himself to the manuscript speech again, certain that the wire he had pulled, would never cease to vibrate till poor Chester was ruined.

CHAPTER V.

Again the night was intensely cold. There had been a storm of sleet and rain during two whole days, and now came on a keen frost, sheeting the pavements, the trees and the housetops with ice. Chester was pacing his rounds as on the first night, when we presented him to the reader, sometimes pausing to remark the delicate tracery of ice that hung in fretted masses over the gutters, and was wreathed along the curb-stones, or looking upwards to the tall trees that seemed absolutely dripping with diamonds, as the moonbeams streamed over them from above, and the gas from the street lanterns sent up jets of golden light through the lower branches and along the glittering trunks. Intensely cold as the night was, Chester could not resist that exquisite sense of the beautiful, which objects so novel and picturesque, were sure to excite in his imaginative mind. There was something so purely beautiful in those massive branches, stripped of leaves and laden down as it were, with a fruitage of jewels, the wind swaying them heavily about, and the moonlight flooding them through and through—that even a duller man than Chester must have paused to admire. Through this glittering arcade, for along the rich man's district the trees grew thick and high, he could see the bright winter stars shining, and the deep blue Heavens slumbering afar off, and with folded arms and eyes uplifted he paced along the street, forgetful, for the time, that the night was so cold, or that his own frame was yet too feeble for unnecessary exposure.

In going to the poor man's district, Chester was obliged to pass one of those majestic old elms that our forefathers planted, and which are still found here and there scattered over the great city. This elm stood on a corner, and beneath its great pendant branches a small liquor store desecrated the rich soil which gave nourishment to the brave old forest tree. A liquor store licensed by the city fathers, drunkenness taxed and petted for the support of poverty. This was the squalid object that fell upon Chester's gaze as he glanced downward from those long pendant branches, flashing and shivering as it were with a foliage of diamonds, to the dull and dirty windows.

The liquor store seemed to be full, for he could see the shadows of several men passing to and fro behind the murky windows, and when the door opened to let out a woman, who passed him with a small pitcher in her hand, he saw that many others were left within the building. There was something in the contrast between that stately tree, clad so magnificently and drooping in the moonlight, with the vice hovel underneath, that Chester stopped to gaze on it, pondering in his heart how it was that men, upright and honorable in other things, should ever become so lost to all sense of humanity, as to legalize the vicious traffic which this old elm, rising so nobly and so free against the sky, was obliged to shelter. As these thoughts occupied his mind, two men came out of the store, arm and arm, and passed the place where he was standing. One of the men looked keenly at him as he went by, but Chester scarcely observed him, and remained as before, with his thoughts all preoccupied.

"It is he!" said one of the men to his companion, and looking toward the corner, as if it would not be a very hard job to get him in.

"Hush! he will hear you," replied the other. "Let us walk round the block, and go in from the other street, he will not know us again."

"If we could but get him in for once, just long enough to taste one glass, that would settle his business," was the rejoinder. "Walk slower, and let us talk it over. Jones will go in with us—for the fellow has hurt his business more than a little—reformed a great many of his best customers, and persuaded off others. We shall find Jones ready for anything."

And the two men walked forward, feeling their way along the slippery pavement, and conversing earnestly till they reached the liquor store again.

Chester was still there, pondering the ideas of blended pleasure and pain, which the scene had presented to him with unusual force that evening. The liquor store had opened two or three times while he was standing there, and when the two men passed in he saw without closely observing them.

At length, he was about to move forward, when the store, that had been up to that time remarkably quiet, became a scene of some strange tumult,—Three or four persons left abruptly, and the sound of loud, angry voices reached him through the door whenever it was flung open to allow some one to pass out. After a few minutes there came running across the street a little boy, who seemed quite breathless with haste and terror.

"Oh! you are a policeman, sir; I am so glad, pray come with me!" cried the boy, seizing hold of Chester's coat. "They are quarreling, two men are quarreling in there, and one of them has a knife drawn."

Chester hastened across the street, for the angry voices were becoming louder, and there really seemed to be some danger threatening. He entered the store, and to his surprise, found only two persons present, besides the owner, who stood back of a little imitation marble counter with his arms folded, and evidently enjoying a scene of altercation that was carried on it appeared, with some effort between his guests, for as one of the men was flung back against the counter in the scuffle, he merely circled two or three half empty decanters with his arm, and laughingly told them not to interfere with their best friends. Then throwing half his weight upon the counter again, he seemed to enter heart and soul into the dispute.

"There, there," he said, turning, as Chester came in, "we have had enough of this—here is the police. Give up, give up, both of you. Shake hands and take a drink—that is the way to settle these little matters. Come, Mr. Policeman, help me to pacify these two hot heads; what do you say to my recommendation, brandy and water all round."

"That would be the last thing that I should recommend," said Chester, speaking in his usual bland and gentlemanly manner. "These two gentlemen, I doubt not, will listen to reason without firing up their blood with more strong drink."

"With more strong drink!" cried one of the men, laughing rudely, as he cast his antagonist carelessly from him; "why we haven't had a drop yet. It was thirst, sheer thirst, that made us both so savage. Come, Smith, here is my hand. Let us drink and make up."

The man thus addressed rose from the cask, against which he had been flung, and sullenly took the offered hand of his antagonist. Chester saw that the quarrel, if it ever had been serious, was now at an end, and turned to leave the store, but Jones, the owner, followed him with an anxious face and whispered that it was only fear of the police that had so suddenly quieted the men, and besought him not to withdraw till they were ready to leave the establishment. Chester sat down—the place and company were repugnant to him, but it was his duty to remain, and he sat regarding the two men as they drank together at the counter, boisterously knocking their glasses together in token of renewed friendship.

"Come, Mr. Policeman, take a glass," said Smith, who all the while had been the most noisy. "You look pale as a ghost," and the man took a glass half full of brandy and brought it to the stove by which Chester had drawn his chair.

Chester did indeed look pale, for coming out of the clear night into a room heated to suffocation by a close stove, and redolent with the mingled fumes of tobacco smoke and spirits, the atmosphere oppressed him with a sickening sensation—his head began to reel, and he sat unsteadily in his chair. Thus oppressed, he reached forth his hand unconscious what it was that the man was offering, and lifted the glass to his lip. The scent of its contents, however, warned him, and he arose without tasting the brandy and placed it on the counter. Just then two or three persons came in from the street. Jones and Smith exchanged triumphant glances, and Chester sat down again supporting his forehead upon one hand, sickened with the heat, and becoming each moment more pallid.

"Come," said Smith, at length addressing his companion, "let us go now, we can soon find a place where gentlemen can settle their disputes without being hunted down by the police!" and the two went out.

Jones hastily came round the counter and addressed Chester.

"They will get up a street fight," he said, with great apparent anxiety. "Had you not better follow them?"

Chester arose with difficulty and left the store, scarcely conscious of his own movements, for he was still faint from the changed atmosphere. But the cold air revived him, and he walked on beneath the old elm, and passed by the two men who stood on the curb-stone leaning against its trunk, apparently in excited conversation. The pavement all around was one glaze of ice, and Chester was obliged to guard his footsteps with great care, as he moved slowly forward. As he came near the two men, one of them put forth his foot, and Chester fell forward with a faint cry, striking his temple against the curb-stone with a violence that sent the broken ice in a shower over his head.

"Hallo! here is a fallen star," cried Smith, lifting his voice. The liquor store was flung open at the sound, and its owner came forth followed by several persons who had entered the store just as Chester left it.

They found the policeman stretched upon the ice with the two men who had been the cause of his mishap, bending over him with that jeering expression in their words and features with which the coarse minded usually meet the accidents which result from intoxication.

Chester was much hurt but he had lost no blood, and so the bystanders turned away with a laugh, leaving him to the mercy of those two evil men.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Choice Poetry.

REVISED POEMS,

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

THE LOST HEART.

"Say, have you found the heart I lost
As you and I, last night,
The fragrant new-mown meadow crossed,
Beneath the sweet star-light?"

"I have a heart—but ere I show it,
'Tis just thou should'st define
The private marks by which thou'lt know it—
No doubt the heart is thine."

"Well, 'twas not hard, nor very strong,
A loving little heart;
Filled with sweet raptures and wild song,
But all unskilled in art.

"'Twas like in its free joyous [illegible],
A wild bird on the wing—
A warm type of love, and truth,
And every blessed thing."

"Well, here's the heart, so fond and true—
I never could forsake it,—
Yet rightfully belongs to you
The priceless gem—then take it."

"I thank you, sir. But hold! look here!
I said my heart was *small*!—
This great, warm, throbbing heart 'tis clear
Is not my heart at all!"

"Aha! a roguish plunderer then!
So this nice heart is *thine*!
No matter though, I'll keep it now;
'Tis most as good as mine."

Selected Tale.

THE

PRIVY COUNSELLOR;

Or, It is Possible.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

Privy-Counsellor Stryk had perpetually upon his tongue three words that had become to him a kind of proverb—"It is possible." It often happened that he used them in the reports made by him to the minister in full council; and when this occurred, a smile, such as is usually given to our neighbors' weaknesses, played upon the lips of his colleagues.

Privy-Counsellor Stryk, nevertheless, was held in high consideration. The different rulers of the electorate, in their turn, showed their appreciation of his varied information and talent by always employing him. Every one did justice to his ability and tact—nay, perhaps a little overrated him; and Stryk, open, upright, and conscientious, was looked upon as a deep and subtle politician, with a penetration and far-sightedness little short of the gift of prophecy. And all this reputation he owed solely to the three words—"It is possible."

Often, however, they escaped him almost involuntarily; yet when they had once escaped him, he thought himself bound to follow up and maintain their consequences. Thus this saying exercised the greatest influence upon his opinions, his habits, and all the events of his life. Who could believe it of a man so learned and enlightened? And yet it was not only possible, but true.

He was himself fully aware of this influence, and yet not only did he remain constant to his three words, but he was seriously anxious to impress his only son with the same conviction of their omnipotence. The young man, who, like most other young people, thought himself much more clear-sighted than his old father, considered this as nothing more than a very singular mania.

"This little oddity, my dear father," he said, "may be excused in you, but my adopting it would be considered a mere piece of affectation, a ridiculous copying of you."

"It is possible, my dear Frederick," said the privy counsellor; "but you may let laugh those that will, when you have in these three words the secret of prudence, repose, security and happiness. Think not that this maxim became habitual to me by mere chance. I adopted it upon sad experience that led to mature reflection. I owe to it all that I have, all that I am. The misfortunes of my youth, and despair, made me first lay hold of it;—and once laid hold of, I raised myself by its help, and reconquered fortune. The little patrimony bequeathed to me by my parents only sufficed to enable me to subsist while studying at the university; and yet, because I carefully avoided debt, I passed for having a comfortable competence, and was welcomed into society that would have disdained me, had people known that I was all the while content with bread and milk as my whole dietary. I was well received, and generally esteemed, yet I had but one bosom friend amongst the men, and but one lady had ever engaged more than a passing thought; and pretension to her, the daughter of a general officer, was hopeless, and would have remained so, had not fortune smiled upon me most unexpectedly. I was made chamberlain to the dowager-duchess, with a good pension; and shortly after, a cousin died in Batavia, and left me a considerable property. Unwilling, in my first hours as an accepted lover, to leave my Philippina, I gave full powers to my friend Schneemuller, the friend of my heart, my second self, and despatched him to Amsterdam."

"You never before mentioned this friend to me," said Frederick.

"It is possible," answered the privy counsellor, "and I will soon tell you why. Alarmed for his health by his long delay and total silence, I sacrificed love to friendship, and tearing myself from my Philippina, while she, overcome with grief, was yet fainting in her mother's arms, I set out for Amsterdam. Suffice it to say, I discovered that my best friend had deceived me, and was by this time in America with the whole of my cousin's bequest. 'It is impossible!' I cried; 'it is impossible!' But soon I was obliged to say, 'It is possible!' And I flew back to Philippina, to soothe the feelings wounded by the treachery of my friend; and again I was compelled to say, 'It is possible,' when the first greeting on my arrival at home was the announcement that, three days after the letter conveying the tidings of my loss, my betrothed had become the bride of another. I spare you my agonies. Henceforth I believed everything possible but good to me; and no matter how improbable any suggestion seemed, I replied, 'It is possible!' In these three words was embodied my whole system of practical philosophy. I kept continually repeating them, till at length they became a comfort in sorrow—an antidote to despair. When I said to myself, 'Canst thou ever again be happy in this world?'—my lips formed the words, 'It is possible;' and the event justified the almost mechanical hope. I adopted the maxim, and no longer lived in an ideal world peopled either by angels or devils—the youthful heart seldom knows any medium. Henceforth good fortune had no power to intoxicate, for I thought of its instability, and said, 'It is possible;' and misfortune could neither surprise nor wholly depress me, for I was prepared for anything. Men in general act in the ordinary, as well as the more important concerns of life, upon a sudden impulse, for which they can hardly account, and of which they are almost unconscious. Take my advice, my son, adopt my maxim, were it only to give you the power of self-possession, and make you ready either to do or to suffer. Repeat it till you have made it your own. This, at least, is possible."

The favorite phrase of our privy-counsellor sometimes proved unpropitious; but he was not easily dejected. For instance, one day when the elector presided in person in the council, some debate arose upon the late French Revolution of '93; and as the many changes were mentioned in the people who once so idolized their Kings, the elector exclaimed, "The French are the most abominable race on the face of the earth:—no other nation could act as they do. Can you fancy my subjects ever being seized with such madness—ever abjuring their allegiance to their Prince? What is your opinion, Stryk?"

The counsellor, just then in a fit of absence, had only half heard what the elector said, and shrugging his shoulders, said, mechanically, "It is possible."

The elector turned pale. "What do you mean?" he exclaimed. "Do you think that a day can ever dawn when my subjects will rejoice in my downfall?"

"It is possible," again said the counsellor;—but this time he said it advisedly. "Nothing is more uncertain than popular opinion; for a people is made up of men, who have each an individual interest, which they prefer to that of the Prince. Any new order of things begets new hopes. Whatever may be the degree of love, and however well deserved, borne by the people to your highness, I would not swear that they would not, in new circumstances, forget the benefits of their Prince, and that we might not see the electoral arms broken, to give place to the tree of liberty."

The elector turned his back upon him, and Stryk was disgraced; while every one cried,—"What a fool, with his 'It is possible!'"

A few years after, the victorious French passed the Rhine; the elector, with all his court, took to flight. As he departed, he saw the tree of liberty planted, and the armorial bearings of the electorate broken publicly by the people.

Stryk being looked upon as a victim to the despotism so lately overthrown, was soon installed in the office which his talents so well fitted him to fill; and by his diplomatic ability, contributed not a little to the establishment of the new order of things; while, notwithstanding his natural ardor of character, he never suffered himself to be carried away by political enthusiasm. But attaching himself to no party, he became an object of suspicion to all. The Jacobins treated him as a concealed royalist, and the royalists as a disguised Jacobin. Still he cared not what name they gave him, and quietly went on with his official duty.

One day a commissary of the republic arrived in the new department, and was received with the greatest honors. All were crowding around him! all eager to pay their court; and some amongst them ventured to throw out insinuations against Stryk, and the lukewarmness of his republican opinions. The commissary made no remark at the time; but one day, at a public dinner, at which many toasts went round in honor of universal liberty, the rights of nations, and the triumphs of the republic, he suddenly turned to Stryk, saying, "I marvel that kings yet dare to resist us, for they do but thus accelerate their own ruin. The revolution will make the circuit of the globe. What hope is left to them? Do they dream of ever again bending the great nation, and bringing back the Bourbons? Fools that they are! all Europe must perish first! What think you, Citizen Stryk, can a rational man admit that monarchy can ever be re-established in France?"

"It is possible," said Stryk.

"How possible?" cried the commissary, in a voice of thunder. "He who doubts of liberty has never loved it. It grieves me to see a public functionary holding such opinions. Can you state any grounds for them, citizen?"

"It is very possible," answered Stryk, calmly. "Free Athens first became accustomed to Pericles, then to a king of Macedon. Rome had at first its Triumvirate, then a Cæsar, and at length a Nero. England had its Commonwealth, bowed before a Cromwell, and recalled its king."

"What are you at with your Romans, your Athenians, and your English? I hope you do not dream of comparing them with the French? But I forgive your false views: you have not the honor of being born a Frenchman."

The forgiveness was not, however, a complete one, for Stryk lost his office, and underwent some persecution, as an utterer of language not sufficiently respectful to the republic.

Some years afterwards, Bonaparte became first consul, then consul for ten years, next consul for life, and finally emperor and king. Stryk was immediately reinstated in his office, as being ostensibly one of the moderate party. He enjoyed more favor and credit than ever; his predictions had been again accomplished, and he passed for a consummate politician.

Napoleon changed the face of the world, and disposed of crowns at pleasure. Stryk became prime minister to one of these new-made kings, and obtained titles and honors. No such thing as a republican was to be found; all crawled in the dust before the new master. It was felt as a stigma to have ever imbibed republican opinions; and every one claimed credit for having been the only one not carried along by the current, and eschewed the shame of having ever been anything but a royalist.

"I see no shame in it," said Stryk; "an epidemic raged, and you caught the infection. It may appear again, and you may be again attacked. It is possible."

"What!" was the indignant reply; "do you deem us so weak as to be forever changing?"

"I never forget," answered Stryk, "the Sultan of Egypt mentioned by Addison. This sultan was sceptical enough to laugh at length at an aerial voyage said to be performed by Mohammed, in which numberless transactions took place in so small a space of time, that Mohammed, at his return, found his bed still warm, and took up an earthen pitcher, thrown down as he was carried away, before the water was all spilled. A dervise, who had the reputation of working miracles, undertook to cure him of his incredulity; and in presence of his whole court, ordered him to plunge his head into a tub of water, and draw it up again. The sultan obeyed, and plunged his head into the water; but on the instant he did so, found himself at the foot of a mountain on the sea-shore. Conceive his surprise! He execrated the treachery of the dervise; but he was obliged to submit to his fate. Some woodcutters near directed him to the next town, where, after several adventures, he married a woman of great beauty and fortune, with whom he lived so many years, as to have fourteen children. At her death, he was reduced to get his livelihood by plying as a porter. He now heartily repented the scepticism of which he belived all these misfortunes to be the punishment. In a fit of devotion he threw off his clothes for the ablution usual with the Mohammedans before prayer, and no sooner raised his head after the first plunge, than he found himself before the tub, and heard from his whole court that he had never stirred, and that all the events that had so troubled him had been crowded into the short space of time necessary to dip his head into the water and take it out again. Gentlemen," continued the old privy counsellor, "yours is a parallel case with that of the Sultan of Egypt. If you had been told before the Revolution what you would do during its progress, you would never have believed it; and now that you have drawn your head out of the tub, you remember nothing of what you have thought, done, and experienced in the days of miracles. If the Bourbons and the emigrants ever enter France, they will look upon the history of the years that have elapsed since 1789 as a delusion, and will find themselves, like the Sultan of Egypt, standing by the side of the tub, regarding their years of suffering as a deceitful dream."

There was a general laugh. "Well," said some, "you may not be so much out in your conjecture if they did return; but who ever dreams of the poor Bourbons being restored? This would indeed belong to an age of miracles."

"Hem! It is possible," said Stryk.

But the Russian campaign was contemplated, and one of Napoleon's Generals asked our friend's opinion as to its successful issue. The privy-counsellor declined answering; and the general, surprised at this reserve, said, "For my own part, I expect to celebrate the New Year in St. Petersburg: but you seem to apprehend an unhappy issue?"

Stryk, as usual, shrugged his shoulders and answered, "It is possible."

This answer was not forgotten, and his name was soon erased from the treasury list. When the allied powers invaded France, and Napoleon's creations were crumbling into ruins on every side, every one said, "Stryk is a prophet, and has had the fate of all seers."

His disgrace under the government of the usurper, as the fallen emperor was now termed, was sufficient claim upon the favor of the new legitimate monarch. But it was not long before his axiom brought a fresh storm upon his head. The monarch giving him one day to understand that his adhesion to every successive government tended to make his loyalty somewhat suspicious, the old man reminded him that his sincerity in his own moderate political views was proved by the fact, that he had the misfortune to displease only when each government pressed on too enthusiastically, and were not satisfied with his discharge of duty to his country, whoever might be the master.—"The state," he added, "has always need of the services of its citizens, and it is their duty to serve it in every circumstance."

"The state," said the prince, "is the sovereign. Who dares to separate his person from the state is a rebel in heart."

This was his last disgrace; but he was still faithful to the maxim that had taught him moderation, and at once salutary distrust and hopefulness. When the improbability of further political changes was pressed upon him, now that the Bourbons were again firmly seated, he answered, "It is possible. They want to go back to the Inquisition, to the holy alliances. The cause of truth, of civil and religious liberty, is attacked; the freedom of the press is assailed. Thus was it in the days that produced a Franklin and a Washington—the days of the Bastille; thus was it in the time of the Fouches and the Rovigos. The same causes produce the same effects. It is possible."

But his maxim taught moderation to no one but himself; and the three days of 1830 proved its truth, and revolutionised the King of France into King of the French.

The oracle appearing no longer necessary to a ruler who was in his own person the very type of the vicissitudes of human life, it ceased. Stryk died. But who that has lived to see 1848 can decline to admit, of anything or everything, "It is possible?"

A DOMESTIC SKETCH.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

It is the duty of mothers to sustain the reverses of fortune. Frequent and sudden as they have been to our own country, it is important that young females should possess some employment by which they might obtain a livelihood, in case they should be reduced to the necessity of supporting themselves. When families are unexpectedly reduced from affluence to poverty, how pitifully contemptible it is to see the mother desponding or helpless, and permitting her daughters to embarrass those whom it is their duty to assist and cheer.

"I have lost my whole fortune," said a merchant, as he returned one evening to his home,—"we can no longer keep our carriage. We must leave this large house. The children can no longer go to expensive schools. Yesterday I was a rich man; to-day there is nothing I can call my own."

"Dear husband," said the wife, "we are still rich in each other and our children. Money may pass away, but God has given us a better treasure in those active hands and loving hearts."

"Dear father," said the children, "do not look so sober. We will help you to get a living."

"What can you do, poor things?" said he.

"You shall see, you shall see," answered several cheerful voices. "It is a pity if we have been to school for nothing. How can the father of eight children be poor? We shall work, and make you rich again."

"I shall help," said the youngest girl, hardly four years old. "I will not have any new things bought, and I shall sell my great doll."

The heart of the husband and father, which had sunk within his bosom like a stone, was lifted up. The sweet enthusiasm of the scene cheered him, and his nightly prayer was like a song of praise.

They left this stately house. The servants were dismissed. Pictures and plate, rich carpet and furniture were sold, and she who had been so long the mistress of the mansion, shed no tear.—"Pay every debt," said she, "let no one suffer through us, and we may yet be happy."

He rented a neat cottage and a small piece of ground a few miles from the city. With the aid of his sons he cultivated vegetables for the market. He viewed with delight and astonishment the economy of his wife, nurtured as she had been, in wealth, and the efficiency which his daughters soon acquired under her training.

The eldest one assisted her in the work of the household, and also instructed the younger children. Besides, they executed various works, which they had learned as accomplishments, but which they found could be disposed of to advantage. They embroidered with taste some of the ornamental parts of female apparel, which were readily sold to a merchant in the city.

They cultivated flowers, and sent bouquets to market in the cart that conveyed the vegetables; they plaited straw, they painted maps, they executed plain needle-work. Every one was at her post, busy and cheerful. The cottage was like a bee-hive.

"I never enjoyed such health before," said the father.

"And I never was so happy before," said the mother.

"We never knew how many things we could do, when we lived in the great house," said the children, "and we love each other a great deal better here. You call us your little bees."

"Yes," replied the father, "and you make just such honey as the heart likes to feed on."

Economy, as well as industry, was strictly observed, nothing was wasted. Nothing unnecessary was purchased. The eldest daughter became assistant teacher in a distinguished female seminary, and the second took her place as instructress to the family.

The little dwelling, which had always been kept neat, they were soon able to beautify. Its construction was improved, and the vines and flowering trees were replanted around it. The merchant was happier under his woodbine covered porch, in a summer's evening, than he had been in his showy dressing-room.

"We are now thriving and prosperous," said he, "shall we return to the city?"

"Oh, no, no," was the unanimous reply.

"Let us remain," said the wife, "where we have found health and contentment."

"Father," said the youngest, "all we children hope you are not going to be rich again; for then," she added, "we little ones were shut up in the nursery, and did not see much of you or mother. Now we all live together, and sister, who loves us, teaches us, and we learn to be industrious and useful. We were none of us happy when we were rich and did not work. So, father, please not to be a rich man any more."

☞ In Albany the blacksmiths carpet their shops, and have arm-chairs for the horses to sit in while having their shoes fitted. This is a great age, and "gracious only knows" where it will bring up.

Marriage Customs.

MARRIAGE IN DIFFERENT NATIONS.

FROM THE NEW YORK DISPATCH.

From the marriage customs of the Greeks and Romans, we come naturally to those of the more worthy nations of Europe. Among all these, we find the most striking similarity. Fierce as were these northern barbarians in war, they were far superior to their Southern and more refined neighbors in their regard and respect for women. They were treated as superior beings, to be loved, and cherished, and honored. From the remotest antiquity these nations had generally practiced a strict monogamy, and this marriage to a single wife was of a very solemn character. The father or guardian gave away his daughter with words to this effect:

"I give thee my daughter in honorable wedlock, to have the half of thy bed, the keeping of the keys of thy house, one-third of the money thou art at present possessed of, or shalt have hereafter, and to enjoy the other rights appointed to wives by law."

The husband then made a present to his bride, by way of dowry, and the relations of both parties were witnesses of what he gave, which were no luxuries of apparel or jewelry, but commonly consisted of oxen, a horse, or a shield, spear or sword; in return for which the bride made her husband a present of arms or armor, and this interchange of gifts in the presence of witnesses was esteemed the most indissoluble contract.

In later times the ceremonies became more imposing, and after the introduction of Christianity the nuptial blessing was pronounced by a priest in church, or among the Franks the ceremony was performed in full court. After the ceremony, the young couple were crowned with flowers, and the day was spent in feasting and merriment.

Marriage, by priests, was practiced in Rome long before the introduction of Christianity. We have no account of the period in which the rite was first performed by Christian priests, but it was not generally done until so formally ordained by Sotor, fifteenth Bishop of Rome, who decreed that no woman should be considered lawfully married who was not formally married by a priest, and given away by her parents. This decree was concurred in at Rome, but in other parts of Christendom it met with violent opposition, and parents and magistrates continued to solemnize the marriage contract, until it was declared a sacrament by the church.

Until the Protestant Reformation, marriage was nearly monopolized by the clergy, and though commonly solemnized by them in Protestant countries, the right also belongs to civil magistrates. The exclusive right to marry was not the only one exercised by the clergy of the middle ages. No man was allowed Christian burial, who had not bequeathed something to the church, and a newly married couple were not allowed to go to bed together for the first three nights, unless they paid for a dispensation. "In short," as a quaint writer observes, "a man could neither come into the world, continue in it, nor go out of it, without being laid under contribution by the clergy."

The marriage customs of modern European countries, vary but slightly. In most countries, the intention of marriage is proclaimed in the church, on three successive public days, in order that any one who has legal objections to the match may have an opportunity to make them known. When the bride and bridegroom stand before the altar, the priest says to the man, "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou love, honor and comfort her, and keep her in sickness and in health; and forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?" The bridegroom answers "I will." The same question is then asked of the bride, excepting that she is required to "obey and serve" as well as "love and honor." Then her father, or guardian, gives her to the bridegroom, who takes her by the right hand, saying, "I take thee, ———, to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance; and thereto I plight thee my troth." The bride then takes him by the right hand and repeats the same form, with the addition of the word "obey." The bridegroom then puts a golden ring on the fourth finger of her left hand, saying,—"With this ring I thee wed, and with all thy worldly goods I thee endow; in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, Amen." They then kneel before the altar, while the priest offers a prayer for their temporal and eternal welfare; at the close of which he joins their hands together, saying—"What God has joined together let no man put asunder." Among many of the Protestant sects, weddings are not celebrated in the church, but at the house of the bride's father, or some near relation. The members of the Society of Friends have neither priest nor magistrate to officiate at the ceremony. The bride and bridegroom take each other by the hand, and make the required vows to each other, in presence of the congregation and the elders; a public record of the transaction is made, and attested by witnesses. This society do not allow their members to marry individuals of a different creed.

It is a general idea that white is the most proper color for a bridal dress. Garlands and bouquets of orange buds, and other purely white blossoms, are almost universally worn; and pearls are considered the most appropriate jewels. In Holland, the apartment in which the bride habitually resides, and all the furniture in it are decorated with garlands; everything belonging to the bridegroom, even his pipe and tobacco box, is adorned in the same manner; and a triumphal arch is erected before the house, or festoons suspended at the entrance. Among the Tyrolese, and in several other parts of Europe, it is customary for the young couple to be escorted to church by a gay procession, wearing flowers and ribbons, dancing, playing on instruments of music, and firing pistols by the way. A part of Bohemia called Egra, seems to be the only place where a wedding is not considered an occasion of rejoicing. There it would be deemed indecorous for the bride to appear in white garments, or adorn herself with jewels and flowers. She wears her usual black dress, with a cloak of the same color, with a rosary in one hand, and in the other a veil, with which to cover her during the ceremony. In this dismal attire, she demurely proceeds to church, attended by relations, who preserve the utmost solemnity of countenance.

In Lapland it is death to marry a girl without consent of her friends. When a young man proposes marriage, the friends of both parties meet to witness a race between them. The girl is allowed at starting the advantage of a third part of the race; if her lover does not overtake her, it is a penal offence for him ever to renew his offers of marriage. If the damsel favors his suit, she may run hard at first, to try his affection, but she will be sure to linger before she comes to the end of the race. Thus no marriages are made contrary to inclination, and this is the probable reason of so much domestic contentment in Lapland.

In the cold climates of Lapland and Iceland the bride, instead of garlands, wears a crown of silver gilt. In Russia, the priest places silver crowns on the heads of both the young couple; at the marriages of people of rank, these crowns are held over their heads by attendants. In some districts, the peasant bride wears a wreath of wormwood; and in that country of perpetual flagellation, it is an appropriate emblem of her unhappy lot. After the nuptial benediction is pronounced, it is likewise customary to throw a handful of hops on her head, with the wish that she may prove as fruitful as that vine. In some Russian villages it is customary, before the bridal procession goes to church, for a choir of young girls to chant this epithalamium: "A falcon flies in pursuit of a dove. Charming dove are you ready? Your mate has come to seek you." The bride timidly answers, "Yes;" and the procession moves forward. After the wedding ceremony is performed, the bridegroom has a right to give his bride "the kiss of love," holding her by the ears. The Sclavonian women, for a week previous to their marriage, are expected to kiss every man who visits them, in token of general respect and friendship for the sex. Some nations consider the ceremony of betrothal nearly as solemn as that of marriage. Among the Tyrolese, the father of the lover proceeds to the house of the beloved, accompanied by his younger sons, carrying baskets of honey-comb and aromatic plants. When he arrives, she and all her friends rise and salute him. "Welcome, my friend," says the head of the family; "what brings thee among us?" He replies, "As thou art a father, let me put a question to thy daughter." He then steps up to the maiden, kisses her forehead, and says: "God bless thee, lovely girl, who remindest me of the days of my youth. I have a son; he loves thee. Wilt thou make my declining years happy?" If the damsel is too much embarrassed to reply, her mother, who is the confidant of her sentiments, answers for her. The young man is then introduced, and receives a kiss from his new parents, and his future bride. Sometimes, in order to try the sincerity of their son's attachment, the old people will not allow him to be formally betrothed to the object of his choice, till he has made a tour into Switzerland, Bavaria, or Italy, to sell some of the productions of the country. "Go, earn thy wife," say they; "a good husband must be able to earn bread for his family." The lover almost invariably returns unchanged, bringing the proceeds of his industry, with the ribbons still waving from his hat, which had been placed there by the idol of his heart.

In some parts of Russia young people are solemnly betrothed, in presence of their families. A garment of skin is spread on the ground, and the young people kneel upon it. When they have interchanged rings, the girl's father places on their heads one of the household saints, and pronounces a blessing. In former times, he gave his daughter four smart strokes of the whip, and then delivered the instrument of punishment to his future son-in-law, to signify that he transferred authority to him; but this brutal custom is now abolished. Russian husbands were formerly intrusted with power of life and death over their wives and children; but this law is ameliorated. In Scotland and some other parts of Great Britain, lovers, when they plight their troth to each other, break a small coin, and each one wears half of it next the heart.

In Scotland, a mutual promise to consider each other husband and wife, if it be given in the presence of two witnesses, constitutes a lawful marriage; and in that country, as well as some parts of Germany, if a man makes public acknowledgment that he considers a woman as his wife, it gives her, and all the children she may have borne to him, the same legal rights they would have had, if the marriage had been duly solemnized.

It is a general custom in all parts of Christendom for parents to give a dowry with their daughters, proportioned to their wealth; even the poorest generally contrive to bestow a few articles of clothing or furniture. It is likewise an universal practice for friends to send presents to the bride, a few days previous to the wedding. When the Welsh peasantry are about to enter into the matrimonial state, they send a man round to invite their friends, and to declare that any donations they may please to bestow will be gratefully received, and cheerfully repaid on a similar occasion. After the wedding party have partaken a frugal entertainment of bread and cheese, a plate is placed on the table to collect money from the guests; and the young couple generally receive as much as fifty or a hundred pounds to furnish their household establishment. The village girls, in nearly all countries, are ambitious about having a few pieces of cloth and coverlids, woven in readiness for their marriage portion; but in cities, the extreme poverty of the poor usually prevents even this simple preparation. In the Greek island of Himia, the inhabitants gain a livelihood by obtaining sponges for the Turkish baths; and no girl is allowed to marry, till she has proved her dexterity by bringing up from the sea a certain quantity of this merketable article.

Before the time of Francis the First, one hundred livres, about fifty pounds, was considered a very handsome dowry for a young lady; but at the present time a fashionable and wealthy bride would expend a larger sum than that upon a single mirror. In all countries a feast is given to relations and friends, on the occasion of a daughter's wedding; and the entertainment is more or less bountiful and splendid according to the circumstances of the bride's family.

After the ceremony is performed, all the guests congratulate the newly married pair, and wish them joy. The young couple generally choose from among their intimate friends some individuals to officiate as bride's maids and groom's men. These friends are dressed in bridal attire, and during the wedding ceremony stand on each side of the bride and bridegroom. In some places, the maidens chosen for this office carry the bride's gloves and handkerchief. In France, some people still retain the old custom of having a silken canopy supported over the heads of a young couple, by their attendants. Those who affect display have five or six bride's-maids, and as many groom's-men, but it is more common to have one or two of each. The groom's-men are expected to make presents to the bride, and to be among the earliest friends, who call at her new abode. The wedding cake is usually much decorated with flowers, and sugar work of various kinds. This is offered to all visitors, and a slice neatly done up in paper, and tied with white ribbons, is usually sent to intimate friends. The superstitious depend very much upon having a piece of wedding cake to place under their pillows; and if nine new pins from the bride's dress are placed in it, the charm is supposed to be doubly efficacious. The object is to dream of the individuals they are destined to marry. Sometimes names are written on small slips of paper, rolled up, and placed beside the cake; and the first one taken out in the morning reveals the name of the future spouse.

The Tyrolese place a similar value upon the bride's garland, and the pins that fasten it. The bride scatters flowers from a basket among the young men of her acquaintance; and these flowers prognosticate their future fortunes; the honeysuckle and alpine lily promise uncommon prosperity, but the fox-glove is an omen of misfortune. The Tyrolese bridegroom distributes ribbons among the girls, to the different colors of which they likewise attach prophetic meaning. The Dutch treat their wedding guests with a kind of liquor called "the bride's tears;" and small bottles of it, adorned with white and green ribbons, are sent as presents to friends, accompanied with boxes of sweetmeats.

SOMETHING IN LOOKS.—A man's look is the work of years. It is stamped on his countenance by the events of his whole life—nay, more, the hand of nature, and it is not to be got rid of easily. There is, as it has been remarked repeatedly, something in a person's appearance at first sight which we do not like, and which gives us an odd twinge, but which is overlooked in a multitude of other circumstances till the mask is taken off, and we see this lurking character verified in the plainest manner in the sequel. We are struck at first, and by chance, with what is peculiar and characteristic. Also, with permanent traits and general effects. These afterwards go off in a set of unmeaning, common-place details. This sort of *primo facie* evidence, then, shows what a man is, better than what he says or does—for it shows us the habit of his mind, which is the same under all circumstances and disguises.—*Hazlitt.*

CONJUGAL SOLICITUDE.—The following is the most abominable thing we ever read:—

"How is you wife to-day?" said a friend of ours to a French gentleman.

"Oh! moche de sem," said he; "she is no better, and I am 'fraid ver' little wuss. If she is gon to die, I wish she would do it soon; I feel so unhappie; my mind is mocho unset tel. W'en she die, I shall not be soo mocha dissatisfied!"

CUT NAIL FAITH.—Stubbs, the "Lecturer," was once conversing with a clergyman upon the subject of *faith*. "There," said the clergyman, pointing to a frame which hung over the mantel piece, "there is my faith." "Well," replied Stubbs, with a shrug of the shoulders, "if you hang your faith on a single nail, I am afraid you will fall short of the blessed g. Such faith can't stand an attack from a *claw hammer*, much less from the Father of all claws."

Original Essay.

CHAPTERS ON NEWSPAPERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY AMBROSE SHORT.

IV.—Advertisers and Defaulters.

Allow us, gentle reader, to relieve our minds before we begin this chapter, by making a confession. We are afraid we may be rather long; a sin which those who bear our name should not commit. But we have a good deal to say, and it may be that you are tired of our lucubrations; and therefore we mean this chapter to end the whole matter. However, we will try to command time that we may be as *short* as we can.

Advertising, or making matters known through the public press, is the best *paying* part of a newspaper, both to the proprietors and to the merchant or professional man who uses this mighty piece of machinery. Hence it is a practice of very old standing. The earliest known newspaper advertisement in England, made its appearance exactly two hundred years ago, in the *Imperial Intelligencer*, and related to horse-stealing. It has ever been a doubt, however, whether the thief would not be disposed to charge *partiality* upon the *Imperial paper*, and insist upon it that he was treated with unfairness.

The importance of advertising is a theme on which some of our contemporaries often dilate with great eloquence and force. Our neighbor of the *Times*, some time since, published as the secret of success in trade, the following lines:—

"He that in the world would rise
Must take our sheet and A-D-V-E-R-T-I-S-E."

Our English friends seem to be fully aware of the importance of this matter. Here is a specimen, from one of their papers, with the omission of the merchant's name. We do not omit this and other names because we have, as in England, the fear of an advertisement duty before our eyes, but because as we have not regularly received *orders* to print said advertisements, it might offend the parties, and moreover would look like injustice to a thousand other kindred illustrations of our principles, which we are compelled to omit. Now for our English extract:—

"*Nothing like Advertising.*—A Cheltenham tea-dealer, Mr. ———, lately addressed a letter to the Board of Taxes, inquiring if the cost of newspaper advertisements, handbills, circulars, &c., might be deducted in income-tax returns. Mr. Pressly, the Secretary of taxes, replied, 'that money, wholly and exclusively laid out and expended for the purpose of his trade, might be deducted.' Therefore (as Pat would say) the more a tradesman spends in advertising, the more he will save."

Returning to our own country—the editor of the Indiana Register gives his readers good advice. He says "if you want goods cheap, go where they advertise them. Merchants who are too stingy to advertise, are too tight to give you a fair bargain."

From a thousand and one curious specimens of advertising adopted by different parties, we copy a few of the most recent. Those who have teeth, as a contemporary says, may prepare to show them in a good hearty laugh:—

A Cast Iron Man!—Boston is destined to be the magic lantern of the world, yet; every day she produces some wondrous invention; and we learned yesterday that a certain famed ingenious mechanic, has made a man out of iron, so perfect in form and detail, that he whistles Yankee Doodle and dances a jig! We don't vouch for the truth of this rumor, but we can produce hundreds of persons who have used ——— in cases of ———, &c., and they vouch for its great healing and soothing powers.

Another:

Europe.—The news from England is peaceful—the Chartist demonstration has ended tranquilly, and Queen Victoria is still the sovereign of millions. Trade in general is dull, but some articles of American manufacture are in eager demand, and amongst the foremost is ——— for the hair. The Queen has given orders for a large quantity, as she intends introducing it into the Royal nursery.

And yet another:—

A Painful Sight.—A case, singularly distressing, occurred yesterday at the store of ——— Those gentlemen have been advertising an article called ———, pretty extensively, and we believe it has sold well, and been highly useful in curing burns, wounds, &c. Well, a middle-aged, emaciated looking man, called at the store, and asking for Mr. ———, that gentleman came forward—the stranger looked wistfully in his face, then whispered mournfully, "You sell an article that cures wounds." "Yes, sir." "And burns," continued the stranger. "Yes, ———, that's it." "Ah!" moaned the stranger. "Are you wounded?" said ———. "Yes, dreadfully," said the stranger. "Where—how?" asked ———. "Here—here!" said the stranger, with deep fervor, thumping his ribs, "here in my heart, by a black-eyed widow over in Charlestown!" ——— put up the salve, and recommended the sufferer to take a *pleasant excursion* round the world in a—*whale ship!*

But, to come nearer home, here is one relating to our own city:—

Horrible Burlesque.—What has Wm. Penn to do with horse physic? How could that decent old Quaker gentleman desire to have his portrait placed cheek by jowl with the phiz of a horse-jockey?

Oh virtue shamed!—shall William Penn
Give countenance to deeds so gross?
Look at the other face, and then
You'll know there's mischief in the dose.

An angel's aspect might not fail
Some artless purchaser to catch;
But here's a warning to prevail:
Behold the image of Old Scratch!
[Not Signor Blitz!]

A demon in a Seraph's guise
Might put your wisdom to the proof;
But shame the toe, and let your eyes
Detect the horns and cloven hoof.

Unhappy invalid, be not misled by burlesque engravings, seducing you to purchase spurious medicines. The only, &c., &c.

But a Yankee neighbor beats all; he advertises a patent medicine, which to be effectual, must be taken internally, externally, and eternally!

But to pass now to the last part of our theme on newspapers:—A man who loves his family will take a newspaper; and a man who respects his family will pay for it. A paper cannot thrive without prompt paying subscribers. And as the printer and editor must promptly issue their sheet to the day, whether full or hungry, be sure always to *pay in advance*, and let it not be understood that you owe *the printer*. It is much easier to pay in advance, than to pay a debt that has been accumulating for years. You will read with more enjoyment, and for better improvement, when honestly you can say, *my paper is paid for*. The printer's dues are honest ones, and for which he worked hard. Cheer up then the publishers of your paper, by subscribing and paying for it.

The Boston Watchman, some time ago, told this tale:—

"Father, what does the printer live on?" "Why child?" "You said you hadn't paid him for two or three years, and yet you have his paper every week!" "Take the child out of the room—what does he know about right and wrong?"

We take the following from a St. Domingo paper, but really it looks like our own city:—

Singular Device.—On Monday afternoon, a great deal of interest and curiosity was excited by the fact of a tall, fine looking man, being seen leisurely promenading along Second street, wearing a coat, on the back of which, in large staring gilt letters, were the words "Newspaper Dun." As a matter of course, he was the "observed of all observers," and a train of the curious followed at his heels, wondering at the sight, and unable to comprehend the mystery. On inquiry, we ascertained that he was employed by an association of newsmen, for the purpose of collecting hopeless bills, and shaming debtors into the payment of their debts. He operates in this manner when he has a bill to collect. He stops at the house of the debtor, and the large letters on his back tell to all passers by what his errand is, and, at the same time, gives a timely caution against trusting the occupant of the house. Any person thus harrassed would sooner pay the bill than have the Dun calling upon him continually, with the great letters upon his back. If he has a bill against a person whom he cannot catch anywhere except in the street, he presents his account much to the shame of the debtor, who is perceived and shunned by every one as a person not to be trusted. The "Dun" appears to be a determined man, possessed of the greatest *sang froid*, and not to be frightened at trifles. Those who owe had better take warning and pay immediately, or the "Dun" may give them a call.

The Boston Cultivator tells a good story on this subject: It seems that one of its subscribers was much troubled with the nightmare, and applied several remedies to no good effect, till his excellent lady asked him if he had paid for his newspaper! On going to see, he found he was in arrears two years. He at once paid up, and slept soundly for three or four nights; but fearing the trouble might come on again, he went to the office, and paid a year in advance. This has proved an effectual cure, and as such is recommended in all like cases.

Our friends in Scotland—for it must not be supposed that this matter of delay in paying for newspapers is confined to the United States—have a perfect horror of the crime. Here is an extract from *Blackwood* on the subject:—

Newspaper Accounts.—Some people have a horror of *housebreakers*. A strong fellow in a fustian jacket, with a piece of crape over his face, and a pistol in his hand, is certainly a disagreeable visitor to a country gentleman in the middle of a dark night of December; the hoarse whisper conveying a delicate allusion to your money bags or your life, is far from a pleasing method of carrying on a conversation; and therefore without descending to any more minute particulars, and pluming myself upon any personal immunity from such distinctions on the score of having no bones, I agree at once, that a house breaker is a detestable character, and worthy of all condemnation. A murderer, also, I am not prepared to vindicate. A knife forced into the stomach of an elderly gentleman in a half sleepy state after a bottle of old port—a razor drawn across a beautiful barmaid's throat—or a bullet scientifically inserted through the earhole of a deaf old lady engaged secreting her half-year's dividend in a black trunk in the garret—are disagreeable objects of contemplation to the philanthropic mind; and I therefore at once coincide in the fervent execration in which the murderer is held by every person I have conversed with on the subject, except the students of anatomy, and two or three popular authors of the conclusive school. But there is a miscreant for whom I have no commiseration; a wretch, compared with whose atrocities housebreaking becomes meritorious, before whose negro-like blackness—to borrow the language of Charles Phillips—the darkness of annihilation becomes as white as snow. After this description, need I say that I mean the unhallowed monster who neglects to pay his Newspaper Bill.

But to return home. The ladies of Louisiana are said to have adopted a rule, never to marry a man who owes a printer more than one year's subscription. A down-east editor asks his subscribers to pay up, that he may play a similar *joke* upon his creditors; adding, "We like to see a good joke go round." Another down-east editor wonders why his subscribers, who are so rampant for Oregon, will not walk up and pay their subscriptions, after having had more than "a year's notice," to the effect that the payment would be very desirable.

Here is another worthy extract from a distant part of our continent:—

Served Him Right.—A long-winded subscriber to a newspaper after repeated dunnings promised that the bill should be paid by a certain day, if he were then alive. The day passed over, and no money reached the office.

In the number, therefore, of the newspaper, the editor inserted among the deaths a notice of his subscriber's departure from this life. Pretty soon after this announcement the subject of it appeared to the editor—not with the pale and ghastly countenance usually ascribed to apparitions, nor like them did he wait to be spoken to, but broke silence with—"What, sir, did you mean by publishing my death?" "Why, sir, I mean what I mean when I publish the death of any other person, viz: to let the world know that you are dead." "Well, but I am not dead." "Not dead! then it is your own fault; for you told me you would positively pay your bill by such a day, if you lived to that time. The day passed, the bill is not paid, and you positively must be dead; for I will not believe that you would forfeit your word." "Oh, ho! I see you have got round me, Mr. Editor, but say no more about it, here's the money. And harkee, my wag! you'll contradict my death next week?" "Oh! certainly, sir, just to please you—though, upon my word, I can't help thinking you were dead at the time specified, and that you have really come back to pay this bill on account of your friendship to me."

Here is a very different one:—An editor in Vermont says: "A friend informs us that he could send us a marriage notice, but as the young gentleman does not take a paper, he does not think editors are under any obligation to publish his marriage."

The editor of the Western Episcopalian, heads his weekly list of receipts "Legion of Honor," a very appropriate heading, certainly, for we conceive it to be a very honorable business to pay a poor printer for his paper. But to what "*legion*" does the man belong, who will *not* pay for his paper?"

After these various gentle hints, we are persuaded that thousands will imitate a writer to one of our papers, who, in sending his advance subscription money, says to the editor—"I wish to pay for my paper in advance; I never like to read an editor's paper as well as I do my own."

The editor of the Sandusky Clarion thus heads the prospectus of his paper, and keeps the following liberal offer among his standing terms:—"To such as are unable to take the paper at these prices, we will read it, whenever they will assemble in companies of fifty or more, in front of our office, on a warm day, free gratis for nothing. Any of our present subscribers may avail themselves of these rates by paying arrearages."

And now to "conquer" a close. We copy, as a compendium of this chapter, the following enumeration of deadly sins from the St. Louis *Reveille*:—

1. Refusing to take a newspaper.
2. Taking a newspaper, and not paying for it.
3. Not advertising.
4. Advertising, and not paying for it.
5. Making a printing office a loafing place.
[Never done in Philadelphia.]
6. Reading manuscript in the hands of the compositor.

Now for a rhyme, and, kind, attentive reader—*farewell!*

THE PRINTER'S HOUR OF PEACE.

Know ye the *Printer's* hour of peace?
Know ye an hour more fraught with joy,
Than ever felt the maid of Greece,
When kiss'd by Venus' am'rous boy?

'Tis not when round the many case,
His nimble fingers hive the type,
Nor is it when, with lengthened face,
The sturdy *devil's* tail he gripes.

'Tis not when news of dreadful note
His columns all with *wonders* fill;
'Tis not when brother-Printers quote
Th' effusion of his stump-worn quill.

'Tis not when in *Miss Fancy's* glass
Long *Advertisements* meet his eye,
And seem to whisper as they pass,
"We'll grace your columns by and by."

No—reader—no—the Printer's hour,
His hour of real sweet repose,
Is not when by some magic power
His list of Patrons daily grows.

But, oh, 'tis when the weather's clear,
Or clad in hail, or rain, or vapor,
He hears in accents soft and dear—
"I've come to PAY you for the PAPER."

Varieties.

Advice Gratis.—If you are a physician just starting on your own hook, take the precaution never to make yourself familiar with any one—not even with the beautiful women—but wear a troubled face and knotty scowl. Speak but seldom; and when you do say something stern, laconic, oracular. Let your lips be compressed, as though your mind was absorbed with the deepest anxiety, and deport yourself with a constant solemnity, which will indicate to common folks that you appreciate the immensely important duties and requirements of your calling. Strictly observe these rules and regulations, and, though ignorant of physic as a horse-block, you are a "made man."

If you are a young lawyer and would be called "very smart," "very gifted," "highly intellectual," or any of those old saws which the ignorant mob, when greased by a little flattery, are apt to make use of, you must wear large specs, put a big book under your arm, and walk leisurely through the streets every day. While in a bar-room, or more decent place, with *friends*, make no remarks until all the rest have had their say, but pick your finger-nails, look grave, and pout philosophically. Study the low cunning, and all the meaner depravities of human nature. When you offer advice, or an opinion, so frame it as to tickle the prejudices of the hearer, and you will in due time be characterized as a "sound thinker," "distinguished jurist," "one of our first men," and much similar soft soap.—*Sunday Dispatch.*

Wetting Bricks.—Few people, except builders, are aware of the advantages of wetting bricks before laying them. A wall twelve inches thick, built up with good mortar, with brick well soaked, is stronger in every respect than one sixteen inches thick built dry. The reason of this is, that if the bricks are saturated with water they will not abstract from the mortar the moisture which is necessary to its crystallization, and, on the contrary they will unite chemically with the mortar, and become as solid as a rock. On the other hand, if the bricks are put up dry, they immediately take all the moisture from the mortar, leave it too dry to harden, and the consequence is that when a building of this description is taken down, or of its own accord the mortar falls from it like so much sand.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Soap Plant.—At a late meeting of the Farmers' Club in New York, Lieut. Washington A. Bartlett, U. S. N., presented two bulbs of the amole or Soap Plant, of California. The bulbs are used throughout California, for washing every description of clothing, in cold running water. In using them as soap, the women cut off the roots from the bulbs and rub them on the clothes, and a rich and strong lather is formed which cleanses most thoroughly. To propagate the plant, the bulbs are set in a moist, rich soil, and grow most luxuriantly in the soft bottoms of valleys bordering on running streams.

Commander of the Mules.—During the march of one of the divisions of the army from Vera Cruz to Jalapa, a teamster was heard to curse and swear very severely at his mules. The General, who did not happen to be in uniform, rode up to him, and peremptorily ordered him to stop the noise.

"And who the ——— are you?" said the driver.

"I am the commander of the division."

"Well, then, command your division! I am commander of the mules, and I'll holler and swear at 'em as I please!"

The General rode forward.

Tearing Open the Rosebud.—Certainly one of the signs of "these bad times" is what I call *tearing open the rosebud.* We seem anxious to leave as little time as possible between childhood and womanhood. We cut short by every means in our power, that precious season when the mind is gradually opening to the cares of life, and by books and company we often hurry our children, into those cares before we have prepared them how to conduct themselves under them.

United States' SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1848.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. O. C. Our correspondent says well that some new arrangement should be made by the Post Office to facilitate the transmission of money to publishers. We trust the system of drafts, will yet be restored, revised and improved. The poetry he sends, we think, will find a place in our columns. The ideas are very poetical, though there is occasionally a failure in their expression.

Received. "For a Young Lady's Album," "The South Wind," "Stanzas by F.," "The Dying Child," and "On the Death of One Beloved" are received, and under examination.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large clubs for the mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it outshines all competition. Let it be remembered, also, that *the postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for a club, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

EXTRAVAGANCE.

There is hardly a more common error, especially among the wealthier classes of society, than that of justifying extravagance of living as a bounty to the poor. The man who yearly wastes thousands of dollars in gorgeous furniture, expensive clothing, magnificent buildings, &c., justifies himself to his own heart, on the plea that he is really, in doing these things, doing God service. Very probably, the longer he thinks about the matter, the more convinced does he become that his extravagance is not only justifiable, but very praiseworthy; and the inquiry which began with fearful misgivings as to what answer he should render at the great day of account, to the command, "Steward, give an account of thy stewardship," ends in the conviction that instead of being selfish, he is one of the most charitable and deserving of men.

Now, it is our purpose to prove in a few words, that the almost universal mode of reasoning on this subject, is unsound and fallacious; and that the prejudice against extravagance, which has come down to us from our forefathers, is not one founded upon mistaken notions of things.

We will take the case of a man who has a yearly income of three thousand dollars, and who can live comfortably on two thousand a year. He has then a thousand dollars over, which he can devote either to selfish or liberal purposes. Suppose he spends that overplus of a thousand dollars yearly, in buying more expensive clothes or adorning his house, or invests it in other unproductive ways; we grant that in so doing, he will pay it away in wages to artisans, &c., but he withdraws that much from the productive capital of the world. The artisans receive work to the simple amount of the one thousand dollars, but the one thousand days' work which they have given for it is so much dead capital. They might as well have been employed in digging a ditch and filling it up again.

But suppose that that money, instead of being invested in clothing, ornaments, &c., had been employed in some *useful* way, in business, manufacturing, farming, &c. The artisans would still have had the same amount of work and wages, and the proceeds of that work would be a house that might be lived in, or cloth that might be worn, or food that might be consumed.

Or, to make the illustration still more simple, and prove to the extravagant man that he is not a charitable one:—Does he not see the difference between taking a thousand dollars and purchasing jewelry with it to wear on his person, and taking the same thousand dollars and buying bread with it for the sufferers by a famine? In both cases, the original thousand is paid to the working classes; but in the former the work of many men for many weeks is squandered on the vanities of one man; while in the other it is employed in ministering to the necessities of hundreds. Is it all the same, then, what a man does with his money; whether he sees it to minister to his own selfish gratifications, or uses it, as a steward of Heaven, to give employment and bread to his fellow men?

One word in conclusion. We are not a utilitarian in the narrow sense of the word. We believe that beauty also has its uses, and high uses. The blue sky, the green earth, the clouds, the sun rises and sun-sets, all teach us the great utility of beauty; for God has made all nature beautiful and nothing in vain. Nothing inanimate, by any possibility, can become aught else than beautiful. The clouds shift and vary and change, but lose not their beauty; the river flows gradually along, is broken and torn by jagged rocks, or is flung down into deep abysms but grows more beautiful in proportion as it is rent and tortured—for God has made beauty the deep centred law of the natural world.

We believe that man, in his works, should imitate, in this respect, the great Creator. Let every thing that is made by men, also be made, as far as possible, beautiful; let all useful things be made beautiful.

Neither would we oppose the making of things which, like the flowers, are valuable for their beauty alone. But let us keep to a reasonable discretion in this respect. Let us imitate in this also the Creator, who has made comparatively few things that have not their practical uses. Surely, it cannot be pleasing to the Father of us all, to see so large a proportion of the yearly productions of the earth, squandered in things of mere beauty, when thousands are living in narrow, dirty courts, clothed in rags, and often in want of the coarsest food. Grant that it often is, in one sense, "their own fault;" they are still, however degraded, however guilty, our brethren. And "blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

THE FOREIGN NEWS.

Upon careful reading of the news as respects France, we do not think the facts of the case bear out the strong statements of the English journals, as to the danger of a reaction in favor of Louis Napoleon and an Empire. Louis Napoleon himself and the rest of the Bonaparte family, profess the utmost devotion to the Republic; and as to the admission of Louis Napoleon to the seat in the Assembly to which he had been elected, we think this was only just, and perfectly right. We do not believe, and we shall not believe, until we see certain evidence of it, that the great mass of the people of France are willing to abandon the Republic, and choose any man, a Bonaparte or anybody else, Emperor. We are strengthened in this opinion by the fact that the same Assembly which voted Louis Napoleon into his seat by a large majority, also voted a bill for secret service money, which was considered in the light of a vote of confidence in the Government, by a vote of 569 ayes to 112 nays.

The second edition of the London Times, of the 16th ult., says, that the draft of the French Constitution was supposed to be ready for presentation. Rumor stated that it would recommend a President who should hold office for four years, and that M. Arago would probably be selected for the post. Prince Louis Napoleon was also spoken of, but only, it is believed, to bring him into discredit. A very strong petition to the Assembly was in course of signature, recommending M. Caussidiere for the office. "Strange to say," observes the correspondent of the Times, "neither M. Lamartine nor M. Ledru Rollin are mentioned as candidates."

The Committee appointed by the National Assembly to report on subjects of legislation was occupied in examining petitions. A most singular petition was presented from Citizen Barete, residing at 35, Faubourgh Montmartre, demanding that a plurality of wives should be permitted in marriage.

The following is an extract from the address of Louis Napoleon to his constituents, upon hearing of his election.

"The people have been free since February 24th. They can obtain all they want without having recourse to brute force. Let us, then, rally round the altar of our country, under the flag of the Republic, and give the world the grand spectacle of a people, who have regenerated themselves without violence, civil war, or anarchy.

"Receive, fellow citizens, the assurance of my devotedness and sympathy.

"LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE."

In Ireland it will be seen that things are still peaceable. Fresh prosecutions by the authorities seem to be maturing, to judge from an intimation in the London Globe. The Globe says that the government are in possession of "some intelligence of a peculiar character respecting Messrs. Meagher and O'Gorman," and it adds, "before the next Criminal Commission holds its sitting, some cases of a serious nature will appear in the calendar."

The war between Denmark and Germany is still raging—hopes of a mediation are pretty generally abandoned. An action was fought on the 5th ult., at Duppel, in which the Danes had the advantage.

The Russians, it is stated, have crossed the Pruth—the Austrian Minister "at Constantinople," protesting warmly against the movement. Three hundred thousand Russian troops, with immense parks of artillery, are concentrated in Poland.

From Vienna, we have a repetition of a statement made some months ago, to the effect that the Emperor of Austria wishes to abdicate in favor of his brother, the Archduke Francis Charles. We think this a very doubtful rumor.

In Berlin, and Prussia generally, the aspect of affairs is again rather tempestuous. The National Assembly having negatived by a majority of 196 to 177, a declaration that the events of the 18th and 19th of March, were in fact a revolution, and had originated a new constitutional system, great excitement and tumult was the result. A civil war is apprehended, but we hope unreasonably.

The Diet of Frankfort seems to be occupied with the formation of a Directory to manage the affairs of Germany until the definitive establishment of a supreme central government in Germany when its sovereign functions will cease.

The British in India are having trouble with the Dewan of Moultan. The Dewan has revolted, and mustered a force of 10,000 men. An English captain, Van Agnew, is shut up in a "gurree" with 500 men, and great fears are entertained for his safety. Reinforcements have been sent forward.

The Pacha of Egypt has mustered an army of 50 000 men, contrary to his treaty stipulations, which limit him to 18,000. His object is supposed to be, to take advantage of the disturbed state of Europe, to throw off all allegiance to the Sultan.

On the whole we may say that affairs are by no means settled in either Europe, Asia, or Africa.—What with the struggles of liberty, the reactions of despotism, the insurrections of subject Asiatic princes, and the ambition of African ones, a long course of trouble, turmoil and war seems to stretch out before the imagination of even the most hopeful, in three quarters of the globe. Let us see to it that we of the Model Republic, set a bright example of Peace and Freedom to the troubled and contending nations.

HAPPINESS.

Our thoughts were drawn to the subject of happiness, by seeing the following short paragraph, in one of our contemporaries, taken from a Boston paper:

Suicide.—Edward P———, a graduate of Harvard College in 1845, and 23 years of age, shot himself in his room at the water-cure establishment, Brattleboro', Vermont, on Tuesday. He was a son of the late Edward P———, of this city, and had recently come into possession of property estimated at upward of half a million of dollars. An affair of the heart is said to have been the cause of the rash act.

How many of our young readers are there—yes, and of our old readers, too—who often think to themselves that if they were only in possession of a fortune, they would be able to ensure their happiness. But how vain is this belief, such instances as the above fully prove.

It is customary to joke in a half serious manner, upon the power of wealth to insure friends and advocates and all that man requires to minister to his happiness in this world, and from half earnest joking many come to believe seriously that this is the case—but it is not so. It is always difficult for a rich man to be certain that his professed friends are really *his* friends, that they are not the friends of his money and influence, rather than of himself; and as for that nearer tie than friendship, how often has it been proved, that all the money in the world cannot purchase a heart worth the buying.

The man in comfortable circumstances, with a healthy family around him, often forgets his blessings for a time, and envies his wealthy neighbor. But that wealthy neighbor may have a sick child, for whose restoration to the health which blesses the children of the other, he would cheerfully sacrifice the bulk of his fortune.

Let us then learn to be content; thanking God for the many blessings bestowed, and murmuring not for those which are withheld. He that has a loving wife, and healthy, beautiful children, and is able to support them in a plain and simple manner, laying by each year a little for old age, is greatly blessed among men. Let him go on his daily path rejoicing, blessing the great Giver for the rich bounties of His grace.

THE GREEK SLAVE.

A criticism upon Mr. Powers' "Greek Slave," recently appeared in the Harbinger, from the pen of a gentleman of Philadelphia whom numbers of our city readers will recognize by the initials of "W. H. F."

We think this criticism the best we have seen on the subject, probably because the author expresses kindred sentiments, in the main, to our own. The following are the most important passages. The writer, with commendable fairness, acknowledges that he had prejudged the picture. He says:—

"I was told that the Greek Slave was represented by the figure of a beautiful woman divested of all drapery, and exposed for sale manacled. Manacled! That chain—every rising expectation of a great work of genius was bound down at once to the earth by that fatal chain. It seemed to me a capital defect. Not merely because the Turks do not chain their female slaves, although I think this is a consideration, which ought not to have been overlooked by the artist, but because the chain is wholly out of place. If the beautiful slave is supposed to have been ordinarily kept in chains, yet when her beauty was exposed to tempt a brutal purchaser, her chain must be supposed to have been removed with her garments. Why then was the chain restored? To prevent escape? Her unclad condition were ample security against that, more effectual than double irons. The use of iron is understood to be a sign of civilization—of some progress in humanity. A people civilized enough to make chains of iron would never dream of putting them on beautiful women; and this not on the score of humanity, but on the score of taste. The two things are incongruous to the last degree,—an iron chain, and the perfection of female beauty. One can almost hear the old Turk, who came to buy the slave, growling out a curse in the name of Allah, not merely on the useless barbarity, but on the deformity, of that appendage.

"But it may be said that this criticism is too minute, and matter-of-fact, that the chain is not to be interpreted to the letter, that it is introduced merely as a symbol of the condition of servitude. In this view it is still objectionable, because the same thing might have been expressed just as distinctly in some other way, without so palpably violating the harmony of the whole. The frailest band, confining the hands, would have sufficed to indicate the slave. Only a slight incident of this sort is requisite or even allowable, if the state of servitude is signified, as it should be, by the figure itself."

* * * * * * *

"That, as a simple figure, it is well nigh as perfect as mortal hand could make it; that it is wrought with a mechanical skill almost miraculous, that the artist here shows himself possessed of rare power in respect of execution, I am far from denying. That I concede promptly and with my whole heart. That he has the still higher gift, the creative power of genius, I have no disposition to deny or to bring into question. But I do say that that highest gift is not illustrated in the present work. The face is very beautiful, very tender, and very womanly. And perhaps, by studying it long, a spectator of lively fancy may *find* into it a deeper and more definite expression, accordant with the supposed condition of a slave.—But just in proportion to the beauty of the form and visible proportions of the *figure*—just in proportion to the force of the appeal which it makes to the eye and to the sense of physical beauty, should be, I maintain, the directness and power with which our higher sentiments are addressed in a work such as this professes to be. Here it is, I think, that Mr. Powers' statue fails, and the failure affects the essential merit of the work. Let me not be misunderstood. The objection which I make to the "Greek Slave," is not that it appeals, from head to foot, to the mere sense of personal beauty—in other words, that the figure is not draped. But upon the very plainest and the very highest grounds, upon the ground of those moral distinctions which art, and genius speaking through art, should do nothing to confuse, but everything to illustrate and enforce, we may fairly demand that, while the sense of visible beauty is thus elaborately consulted, there should be a direct appeal to our higher senses, an appeal, not hidden within the marble, and perceptible only to an active fancy, but written in every feature and every limb, and going straight to the heart of the beholder. In no other way can Art be excused for addressing so powerfully the simple sense of physical beauty.—In this way it may be not only excused, but justified amply. If, indeed, we consider it the highest aim of Art to gratify the sense of beauty—beauty of form—to manufacture Venuses, why, then let it be so understood once for all; and do not let us any longer cry up Art for its moral and religious purposes, for its high spiritual office. But we do not consider it, as dealing only or mainly with the senses. It is the minister of our higher nature.—It should manifest the beauty of holiness, and its grace should promote our growth in grace. I use these scripture phrases in no narrow sense. If the Greek Slave, as a work of art, were as true as it is said to be—if it faithfully expressed the idea it professes to represent, it might still address itself, with whatever power the artist could give it, to the sense of the beautiful, but it is indispensable that it should appeal still more powerfully to our purest sentiments, breaking up all the hidden fountains of our most sacred sympathies. It should awaken in us a new and godlike pity. We should come away from it with a new sense of the sacredness of womanhood, and of woman's unutterable wrongs, when she is thus made a victim and a slave, and that flower of Heaven is flung down to be trampled upon by the miry hoof of sensuality. In fine, it should act upon us with a sanctifying and regenerative power. We should feel as if we had been listening, not merely to a sermon, but to a sermon of unequal pathos, expressed in the enduring marble.

"Does the Greek Slave produce this effect? It gratifies the sense of the beautiful. There is no doubt of that. And it is also unquestionable that it gratifies our national pride. Such works of art furnish a pretty decisive refutation of the opinion which is abroad in the world, that we take little delight in any thing but steam engines and railroads. But what further? Persons visit the exhibition, prepared in a greater or less degree to appreciate the statue, not only by their national predilections, but by whatever romance attaches to the idea of a Greek woman, and by all the humanity awakened by the thought of a slave, and a slave sold for such a purpose. And what is the effect produced? What is the impression made on them? Do they bring away more than they carry, beyond a simple vision of female beauty? We see no indications of the effect, which such an idea as the Greek Slave professes to embody and express should produce, if that idea were truly expressed and distinctly received. We hear little else than vague exclamations of admiration. Consider the fact which this statue is intended to represent.

"Here is a woman, the perfection of whose form is designed of course to express the ideal beauty and purity of womanhood, but not only a woman, the Ideal of her sex, but a Greek woman, a Christian woman, nurtured in the faith of Him who extended a hand to woman and called her "Daughter." Were it a Circassian that is represented in the marble, or one of those voluptuous beauties of the East, who, we may suppose, grow up in the contemplation of a Turkish harem as one of the possibilities of their destiny, she might be imagined to bear her fate with composure. But this woman, a daughter of Greece, whose features disclose her lineage, exposed to brute looks more torturing than barbed arrows dipt in poison, the doomed slave of the Turk, the dreaded enemy of her religion and her race—how can she stand thus serene and erect, when the sanctity of her nature is outraged by this exposure? Where is the bending and shrinking of her form, that expression in every feature and every limb of her unutterable agony, which should make the gazer involuntarily to turn away his eyes, as if, by fastening them upon her, he too was sharing in the sacrilege? What an infinite tenderness—what a depth of sorrow should the sight open within us! In view of that fair shrine thus exposed to indignity and desecration, a sense of holiness should stir within us, such as no temple, built with hands, though standing in all the majesty of art, could create.

"I know that it may be contended in vindication of Mr. Powers' representation, that the agony of the slave is mighty, but that it is conquered—hidden in her heart, that she exhibits an angelic resignation. This suggestion strikes me simply as an exaggeration. There are sufferings which cannot be borne, and ought not, without signs of suffering. If the serenity of the Greek Slave is approved, the cry of anguish that burst from the cross on Mount Calvary, must be condemned. There is in the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts an old picture representing the martyrdom of one of the old saints, who is stretched on iron bars, under which flames are kindled. That bed of fire was a bed of roses, compared with the supposed condition of the Greek Slave. I do not ask that her attitude should be violent or her features convulsed, but when we look to see how she endures the torture to which she is subjected, we expect that, in some way, not anticipated by us, but well known to genius, her soul shall be revealed to us. But we are disappointed, and forced to feel, so far as the sentiment of the work is concerned, that she is indeed made of marble, through and through, solid, inanimate stone—a circumstance which the exquisite and life-like moulding of her form was leading us to forget. From the chain alone do we learn that she is a slave."

THE SEWING MACHINE.

The New York Dispatch says that this extraordinary invention is now in operation in that city, sewing four hundred stitches a minute, and, attended by one girl, making *two pairs of pantaloons an hour.* The Dispatch says the work is beautifully done.

If things were as they ought to be, we would hail gladly the introduction of this invention, for there is nothing more fatal to the health of women than the constant "stitch, stitch," to which the great majority have to devote themselves. But when we remember the thousands of poor tailoresses and shirt makers that will be thrown out of employment, we can scarcely rejoice at this last reward of Heaven to the persevering ingenuity of men.

Surely the time will some day come, when the great wheel of Progress will roll on no longer like the huge car of Juggernaut, crushing down before it the helpless bodies of God's poor!

ELEGANT CARRIAGE.

In passing by the Coach Factory of Mr. Rodgers, corner of Sixth and Brown streets a day or two since, our attention was called to a new style Tilbury just finished by him, which we think for elegance of workmanship, and tasteful style and finish, equals, if it does not surpass, any thing of the kind we have ever seen.

MR. MITCHELL'S BROTHER.

Mr. Wm. Mitchell, a brother of John Mitchell, the Irish patriot, has arrived in New York, from Ireland. What his mission to this country is, or whether he has any mission at all, more than getting into a free country, no one who knows is ready to tell.

A BLUNDER.

Our types made us say, last week, in our article "To Exchanges," that "we do not particularly fancy insinuations that we are *not* remiss in complying with our contracts." The last *not*, of course, should not have been there.

Our Correspondents

LETTER FROM GRACE GREENWOOD.

Lynn, June 23d, 1848.

Gentlemen:—Since writing my last letter to you, I have spent some days at Milton, a beautiful place about five miles from Boston. The house where I had the pleasure of visiting, was charmingly situated, commanding the loveliest prospect, decidedly, that I have ever yet beheld. Below us, through green meadows, wound gracefully a "swift and silvery river," while away in the distance stretched the glorious sea;—behind us stood the beautiful "Blue Hills," and all about us were tastefully built cottages, looking out through the most luxuriant foliage. Nor were our more immediate surroundings less delightful. The fine old mansion of the R——— family, fronting on a well-kept lawn, is shaded by majestic trees, while behind lies an extensive garden, rich in fruits and radiant with flowers.

Within doors, we breathed an atmosphere of elegant refinement and intellectual pleasure. Music, painting and sculpture charmed ear and eye, while pleasant social intercourse and innocent merriment drove from one's heart all present cares, all sad forebodings and all sorrowful memories. For me, my happiness was constant and unmingled. I luxuriated in a pure, careless, thoughtless and childish sense of enjoyment. Ah, what delicious sensations accompany the gradual return of health to an enfeebled body. With what exquisite emotions does one mark the first faint flush upon the cheek, the old fire in the eye, and feel the exultant elasticity in the step so lately heavy and spiritless. Are not such renewals of one's earliest vigor almost like new creations?

One lovely evening during my stay in Milton, we rode over to Quincy, to see the Adams place. As we entered the fine old town, its many touching and glorious associations came thronging upon my mind, and I was in truth filled with the very spirit of the pilgrim.

The first object of interest was the residence of the late J. Q. Adams, a large, venerable looking mansion, back of which yet stands the old homestead. The next house pointed out to us was an elegant modern building, belonging to Charles F. Adams.

But it was to the tomb of the greatest of the name, that we made our pilgrimage. We found it in the quiet and modest village church-yard—a plain, granite structure, with no monument, and no tablet—bearing only in letters raised on the stone, the name, "J. Q. Adams." All was unostentatious, severely simple, and purely republican, as the character and life of the brave patriot, the conscientious statesman, and humble hearted Christian, gone to receive his reward—the peace, the rest, the love, and the glorious immortality of God.

As I stood by that tomb, the events of the long and illustrious life of its slumbering inmate, passed in rapid review before me. I thought of the noble father who bent with a smile above his cradle, and of the great-hearted mother, who nursed him. I thought of the more than Roman honor, virtue and greatness, instilled into his spirit with childhood's earliest teaching. I thought of his patient industry and lofty ambition, in gathering together and hoarding up all varieties of knowledge—of the high and stainless morality of a life beset by many and peculiar temptations, of all that grand and beautiful preparation for the part by Heaven assigned in the councils of the nation, in the history of the Republic. I thought of the sunshine which had played around, and the storms which had beat upon his way, as he made himself dearer and dearer to his country, and drew upon his head more and more of mad partisan hate. I thought of all, all, even to that hour when full of honors and years, he was stricken down in the National Halls, like a star struck suddenly from the face of Heaven. When with content upon his lips, and a sublime faith bearing up his soul, he waited in God's love the swift, silent coming of the angel of death; and when his last sighs went quivering up through the same air which years ago had ofttimes trembled with the voice of his fervid and impassioned eloquence. Then, as I gazed upon that simple resting place, I said, "This is the end of human greatness!" But my lips were profaned by the unworthy sentence. True greatfulness and goodness are as immortal as the great, good God from whom they emanate. The greatness, and above all, the goodness of Adams, belong to us, and to our country forever—a legacy, grand, beautiful, priceless, and imperishable.

A friend in company, the gifted artist, M. K. Kellogg, late of Florence, took an admirable sketch of the tomb, for me, which I will send you for the Post. It will give you an excellent idea of the last home of him for whom we are all mourners.

The illustrious parents of J. Q. Adams are buried beneath the walls of the Unitarian Church, a short distance from the burial-ground. On the right of the pulpit, as you enter, is a tablet of white marble, with a beautiful inscription to their memory, surmounted by a bust of John Adams. To my mind, that of Mrs. Adams should be placed beside it, for she was undoubtedly as remarkable a person as her husband. The old Romans would have raised a statue to the memory of such a woman, without fear of countenancing "women's rights" to any dangerous extent. Had the mother of J. Q. Adams been an inferior woman, he could never have been all he has been to his country.

It struck me that a bust of J. Q. Adams should also be in this church. There is a place for it on the left of the pulpit. I was told that there was a noble one, by Powers, owned by a gentleman of Boston. Here is then a fine opportunity for the owner to win the admiration of the public and the gratitude of "pilgrim strangers," by presenting this bust to the Quincy Church.

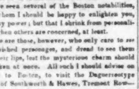
We returned to Lynn on Monday last. We stopped at Boston for a few hours, to see the Greek Slave. My impressions of and enthusiasm concerning this beautiful work of art, I find I must reserve for my next letter, as my time to-night is limited by an engagement to ride upon the beach, where I doubt not my spirits, unaccountably depressed to-day, will spring up with childish lightness, and revel in the delicious sea air.

I have seen several of the Boston notabilities, about whom I should be happy to enlighten you, all in my power; but that I shrink from personalities—when others are concerned, at least.

There are those, however, who only care to *see* distinguished personages, and dread to see them open their lips, lest the mysterious charm should be broken at once. All such I should advise on coming to Boston, to visit the Daguerreotype Rooms of Southworth & Hawes, Tremont Row—where a rare assemblage of painters, poets, statesmen, divines, musicians and singers may be found. Here was Channing, looking refreshingly unministerial—Longfellow, unsuggestive of hexameters—artists, who raved not of Italian sunsets—authors who did not quote from their own works, and Prima Donnas without *rouge* and without *airs*.

There may be seen, without charge, a large and splendidly executed likeness of your present correspondent, which is said upon good authority, to resemble Medea, with a slight touch of Lady Macbeth. Adieu, GRACE GREENWOOD.

FOREIGN NEWS.



SEVEN DAYS LATER

FRENCH REPUBLIC IN DANGER—FORMATION OF AN EMPIRE UNDER LOUIS NAPOLEON THREATENED—IRELAND TRANQUIL, &c.

The steamship Cambria arrived at Boston on Friday, of last week, bringing Liverpool dates to the 17th. Her news is important.

The commercial news is not very favorable.—The cotton market continued dull and depressed, and on some descriptions there had been a slight decline. There was no prospect of improvement.

The corn market was also dull, and prices were receding. The weather continued favorable for the growing crops, and consequently there was no speculation in the market. The reports from the manufacturing districts of England and Scotland do not improve, and trade there continued gloomy and discouraging.

Money continued abundant. First class bills were discounted at 3 per cent. The Bank of England has reduced its rate from 4 to 3½ per cent. From all parts of Great Britain, the accounts in relation to the growing crops are cheering. The weather continued of the most favorable character.

FRANCE.

Wilmer & Smith's European Times says, that the hopes of the moderate party in France of the establishment of a Republic, are likely to be defeated; not, however, by the Communists or by the Monarchists, but by a party almost spontaneously formed, in favor of an Empire. The expected return of Louis Napoleon to France, and his election to the National Assembly, has re-kindled the old French enthusiasm for the Bonaparte family.

The European Times gives the following account of French affairs, which had transpired since the election of Louis Napoleon to the National Assembly was announced:

As soon as the Government perceived this most unexpected reaction, evidences most incontrovertible, by the ballot and universal suffrage, they assembled instantly. Paris was instantly filled with troops, and it is said that not less than 100,000 troops of the line have been congregated in the French Capital.

Attroupements have taken place every night this week, in spite of the new law. On Saturday night, about 2,000 persons were hemmed in by the troops, and carried off prisoners to the Prefecture.—Amongst them were English, Americans, and, it is said, even women in disguise. In short, the rappel and the generale have been beaten every day, and the confusion and excitement have been greater than ever.

We must state that whether under the pressure of apprehension or patriotism, the National Assembly displayed, at first, a noble feeling—the most eloquent denouncements of all tyrants and dictatorships, seen clearly in the perspective, burst from many members. The popular feeling out of doors, is evidently divided. The cries of "Vive la Republique," are answered, and sometimes drowned, in shouts of "Vive l'Empereur," "Vive le Bonaparte." On Monday, when the news was circulated, that the impudent adventurer, Louis Napoleon, had actually arrived in Paris, and was about to take his seat in the Assembly, the crowd assembled was very great. The contagion of the feeling had spread to some of the troops, and certainly to a large portion of the National Guards, and cries of "Vive le Napoleon," have come from more than one regiment.

Lamartine mounted the tribune, pale as ashes, and demanded the instant passing of a decree keeping in force the law of 1832, against Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. Whilst he was speaking, a shot was fired outside of the building, and shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" were heard. Lamartine immediately sat down, overwhelmed. One of the National Guards had been shot in the stomach.—This incident, whether accidental or pre-arranged, Lamartine adroitly converted to his purpose, by declaring that the first blood which had been shed, was shed in the cause of despotism, and not by the Republic. The decree asked for was then sanctioned by general acclamation.

It cannot be concealed that there is a morbid feeling in favor of the Bonapartes, which time has not extinguished.

A body of the National Guards set off to Boulogne instantly, in order, it is supposed, to welcome Louis Napoleon to the shores of France.—They were even going on board a vessel under the pretence of a sea excursion, but the Mayor put a stop to their proceedings.

In spite of the vote of the National Assembly, the people declared that Louis Napoleon should take his seat. No doubt gold has been circulated amongst the populace to a great extent, but if the National Guards faltered in their allegiance, what hope can be entertained of the regular troops remaining firm. It is indeed, a critical moment for the Republic. Lamartine is a man of peace, wholly unequal to cope with an emergency like this. We look to Cavaignac, as almost the only man who can save France from anarchy.

Tuesday.—The excitement of the people in favor of Louis Napoleon was increasing hourly.—Barricades were even attempted, and it is only by the overwhelming force of the military in every part of the city that a general conflict was averted.

Our readers will scarcely be prepared after all this to hear that on the evening of Tuesday, the National Assembly, by a large majority, stultified their vote of the previous day, when they confirmed the exile of Louis Napoleon, and now revoked it and declared that he should be admitted as a member of the National Assembly. Ledru Rollin opposed this proceeding, but the majority prevailed, and thus the door is opened for a civil war.

It is said that Ledru Rollin immediately resigned, and that Lamartine would follow his example.

At Armentieres, a proclamation has been issued, calling upon the people to rush to arms, and to place Louis Napoleon on the throne. However, before it comes to that, there will be a struggle for supremacy between the legitimists and the Bonapartists.

Thiers, Odillon Barrot, Berryer and Duvergier de Harranne voted in favor of Louis Napoleon.

On Wednesday, Paris was quiet. The people had triumphed. Louis Napoleon was hourly expected in Paris to take his seat.

At the last accounts from Paris, the Bonapartist excitement continued, and measures had been taken to keep it vigorous. The public tranquillity had not, however, been again disturbed.

M. de Persigny, who has made himself remarkable for his attempt in favor of Prince Louis Napoleon, was arrested on the 13th ult., at his residence.

The number of commercial houses in Paris which had suspended payment at the end of the month of April, amounted to fifteen hundred, but at present they amount to nearly 6,000.

Mr. William Tell Poussen is appointed envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the Republic to the United States of America.

IRELAND.

Ireland was more tranquil. The general tone among all classes of Repealers has been less violent since the conviction of Mitchell. The fraternization of the Old and Young Irelanders was not completed. The consummation of an event so much desired by Irishmen, was postponed for a fortnight by the leaders at Conciliation Hall, in order to give the leaders an opportunity of expressing an opinion thereupon. It was very difficult to reconcile the conflicting views of the physical and the moral force repealers. John O'Connell had protested against the abandonment of the principles of his father, though his opinions were not received with much favor. The platform of the New Irish League was, however, broad enough to include all the main objects of the League, which may be obtained in any way the members see fit.

Smith O'Brien is still laboring under the effects of the *melee* which he encountered at Limerick, and reports affirm that his physician considers his suffering from an abscess in the kidneys.

One successor to John Mitchell's "United Irishman," has already appeared, under the title of the "Irish Tribune." It is embellished with a tolerably faithful likeness of the departed convict. The first number of the "Irish Felon," would appear on the 24th. The editors announced are John Martin, Thomas Devan Riley and James F. Lalor.

SPAIN.

It is said that the Queen has addressed an autograph letter to Queen Victoria, giving assurance of the most friendly disposition towards England, and saying that the expulsion of Sir H. Bulwer had for its object to increase the friendship between the two countries, and finally begging the Queen not to credit Sir Henry's representation, but to wait for the statement of the Spanish Government.

It is said that the Queen of Spain was in a state promising to give an heir to the throne.

There are reports that Navarre is about to return from power, and that Gen. O'Donnell and Mr. Mann will form a new ministry.

The disturbances on the frontier continue, and some skirmishes between the Government troops and a party of Monte-Molinists had taken place.

ENGLAND.

The threatened demonstration of the Chartists which came off on the 12th, proved even a much more signal failure than the affair on Kensington Common. A body of military and the police very effectually overawed the Chartists, who dispersed without even having organized the meeting.

The Spanish Minister, M. Isturitz, had left London for Madrid.

The Count de Mersaul, the Spanish Commissioner, after making overtures, through the Spanish Minister, did not receive any recognition from Viscount Palmerston or the Government, and after several ineffectual advances on behalf of his Government, the Count left London for Spain.

The Navigation Laws were still under consideration in the English Parliament. Many of the friends of free trade propose to demolish the existing laws by one blow, and throw the whole carrying trade of Great Britain, foreign, colonial and coasting, open to the competition of every nation which will reciprocate the privilege. Some of the advocates of free trade, however, are not prepared to go quite as far as this at the present time. Among the latter is Sir Robert Peel, who reserves his opinion on the question of including the coasting trade in the bill.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

LOUIS NAPOLEON RESIGNED

The New York Courier contains the following, which was telegraphed from London to Liverpool, at the latest moment:—

London, June 17, 1848—
9 o'clock, A. M.

A most serious demonstration was apprehended in Paris yesterday, in favor of Louis Napoleon; all the troops were confined to barracks, and held ready to act at a moment's notice. The National Guards were privately summoned to hold themselves in readiness. This intense feeling arose out of the letter the Prince had addressed to the President of the National Assembly, which was read late on Thursday evening in the Assembly, and which you will receive; it stated that if the people imposed duties upon him he would know how to perform them. This expression being interpreted to mean readiness to put himself at the head of the State, provoked the utmost indignation. The letter was referred to the Committee and the report would be brought up yesterday. It was expected that the banishment of the Prince would be pronounced, and it was feared that an insurrection in his favor would follow.

Accounts from Breslau state that the Wool Fair is going on steadily. Some extensive German manufacturers had bought largely, but principal purchases were made by English dealers and manufacturers who operated to a larger extent than usual.

From the Third Edition of the Morning Chronicle.

Paris, Friday evening.

Prince Louis Napoleon has written to the President *resigning his seat in the National Assembly.* The announcement was received with loud acclamations. Paris is calm.

New Publications.

Harold, or the Last of the Saxon Kings. *By E. Bulwer Lytton, author of "Rienzi," "Zanoni," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers.* A new novel by Bulwer, coming out with the summer months, will be a great treat to readers generally. Whether it be from our perusal, when a boy, of "Ivanhoe," we know not, but true it is, that we always take involuntarily the Saxon side, whenever the great struggle between the Normans and Saxons is brought under consideration. Mr. Bulwer, in the work before us, will further increase the feeling in favor of the Saxons. Harold, the last, ill-fated, but heroic Saxon King of England, is the chief subject of the book. Well, the Normans had the best of it at Hastings, and for hundreds of years afterwards, both in estate and renown, but the literature of to-day has again turned toward the Saxon, and the growing spirit of freedom recognizes in the Saxon more than in the Norman institutions, the true glory of the past, and the treasured heritage of the present. Mr. Bulwer says in a note, that if the present volumes meet with favor, he may, perhaps, presume farther into the field thus opened. For sale by *Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.*

Lamartine's History of the Girondists. *New York: Harper & Brothers.* The third and last volume of this admirable work has been published. Our readers can judge of the beauty and felicity of its style, and the character of its contents, from the account of the life and execution of that "angel of assassination," the lovely and heroic Charlotte Corday, which we recently quoted from its pages. A portrait of Charlotte, as she appeared when being taken in the executioner's cart to the guillotine, fronts the title page of this last volume. The face is fine, but not equal to one we saw year before last, at the Annual Exhibition of the Franklin Institute—and before which we lingered for a long time—representing to us, as it did, all the wonderful heroism, purity, loveliness and devotion of France's second Joan of Arc. We would walk far to see that picture again.

The History of the Girondists is for sale by *Messrs. Grigg, Elliot & Co., 14 North Fourth Street, Phila.* A memoir of Lamartine is included in the last volume.

John Donkey. It appears that notwithstanding the announcement of John Donkey's death, he by no means intended to die, except as the trees die in the Fall, with the object of coming out in a fresh suit. Perhaps it was the change of his own habiliments, which suggested to John the following philosophical paragraph.

PHILOSOPHICAL.

The trees are now clad in their foliaceous habiliments. Singular, how they got their clothes out of their trunks without opening them. Does anybody *twig?*

John contains a forlorn picture of a "Racer turned out to Grass," and much other matter of the humorous sort.

Mary Grover, or, The Trusting Wife. *A Domestic Temperance Tale. By Charles Burdett, author of the "The Convict's Child," &c., &c. New York: Harper & Brothers.* The author says, in his preface, that this volume contains a simple, unadorned narrative of actual incidents. The work has been written with an earnest desire to do good, and to show to all that from God alone can come the power to resist the tempter's arts. For sale by *Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia. Price 30 cents.*

Taylor and his Campaigns. "The cry is still they come"—still another biography of Gen. Taylor. The present is published by *E. H. Butler & Co., of this city.* It contains "27 portraits and engravings." The price is twelve and a half cents.

Barnes's Notes. *New York: Harper & Brothers.* These are notes, explanatory and practical, on the General Epistles of James, Peter, John and Jude, by the Rev. Albert Barnes, of this city. For sale by *Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.*

History of France and Normandy. *By W. C. Taylor.* This is one of Pinnock's School Series. The history runs back to the earliest times, and up to the Revolution of 1848. Published by *Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co., Phila.*

The Half-Sisters. *By Geraldine Endsor Jewsbury. New York: W. H. Graham & Co.* Apparently a very interesting story. The author was a woman of genius. For sale by *T. B. Peterson, Phila. Price 25 cents.*

Universal History of the World. *New York: W. H. Graham.* The fourth number of this publication has been received, and is for sale by *T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.*

The Thousand and One Nights. Part 8 of Harpers' finely illustrated edition of this popular work is before us. For sale by *Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.*

Littell's Living Age. The last number of this interesting periodical is for sale by *Zieber & Co., Philadelphia.*

Political Intelligence

THE BARNBURNERS.

Martin Van Buren has accepted the nomination for President tendered him by the Utica Convention.

Gov. Dodge has declined the nomination of the same Convention for the Vice Presidency. The following is the declination, as it appears in the Washington Union:—

A Card.—I have seen in the published proceedings of the Convention at Utica, New York, that my name is put in nomination for Vice President of the United States, on the ticket with Mr. Van Buren. No information has been given to me by the Convention, or its order, of this nomination; and I have waited some days for that information, as furnishing the suitable occasion for making my answer. But, beginning to doubt whether any such communication will be made, and seeing my name placed in many papers as a candidate for the Vice Presidency, by virtue of that nomination, I deem it proper to delay no longer, and to declare at once, and in this public manner, my inability to accept it. The State to which I belong was represented in the Baltimore Convention; the vote of that State was given to Messrs. Cass and Butler; they were nominated; and as one of the citizens of that State, that nomination immediately received my cordial concurrence and support, and will continue to do so.

I have long been the friend, personally as well as politically, of Mr. Van Buren, and, under other circumstances, would be proud to have my name associated with his in any way; but the acceptance of this nomination is impossible; and I have to request the members of the Convention, and the public, to receive this declaration as my answer, and to excuse this mode of making it—being the only mode which the want of a communication from the Convention leaves open to me.

HENRY DODGE.

Washington City, June 29, 1848.

WORCESTER CONVENTION

The Worcester (Mass.,) Convention of dissentients, assembled on the 28th ult. Hon. Samuel Hoar was elected President, S. C. Phillips, of Salem, was made Chairman of the Committee on Address and Resolutions; and a letter was read from Hon. J. G. Palfrey, urging opposition to General Taylor. Speeches were made by Messrs. Allen and Wilson, who were delegates to the National Convention, and others. Mr. Giddings, of Ohio, was present, and addressed the Convention.

Resolutions were adopted in opposition to all candidates but those who were "known by their acts or declared opinions to be opposed to the extension of slavery"—in approval of the Utica Convention, &c. Six delegates, consisting of two gentlemen from each party in the State, Whig, Democratic and Liberty, were appointed to attend the Buffalo Convention, on the 9th of August—which Convention will probably either nominate a new candidate for the Presidency, or agree to support the Barnburners' nomination.

The number of persons present at the Worcester Convention is variously estimated. The Boston Journal says *two* thousand, the Boston Traveller about *five* thousand.

If the Buffalo Convention should nominate a new man, there will then be *six* candidates for the Presidency in the field.

Increase of Votes.—The poular vote, since 1828, for President, has been as follows:

YEARS.	VOTES.
1828	1,162,418
1832	1,250,290
1836	1,501,298
1840	2,402,628
1844	2,702,549

In 1848 the vote will be over three millions.

Miscellaneous.

COCKROACHES.

A correspondent of the Ledger says that the following is an effectual remedy for these pests of the fireside: Add a teaspoonful of powdered arsenic to a tablespoonful of mashed boiled potatoes; rub and mix them well together, and then crumble one third of it, every night at bed-time, about the kitchen hearth, and it will be eaten up, or nearly so, by the following morning. The creature is very fond of potatoes, and devouring them greedily, crawls again into its hole and perishes. One who had tried this remedy, had occasion to have some alterations made in his kitchen stove about six months after, and found hundreds of wings and dried mummies of defunct cockroaches. Their disappearance was not attended with the slightest perceptible smell; and though more than five years have since elapsed, not one has since been seen in his kitchen. In putting this experiment into practice, any remaining crumbs should be carefully swept up the next morning and thrown into the fire.

We advise any of our readers who may try the above remedy, to be very particular in not scattering the potatoes about till all the family have retired, and to be very careful that the crumbs are swept up the first thing in the morning. Arsenic is a dangerous substance to have about a house, especially one that contains any of those little busy-bodies, commonly called children.

GENERAL TAYLOR.

We find in the New Orleans Picayune, of the 25th ult., the following card:

A Card.—We are authorized by Gen. Taylor to say that the course of the Louisiana delegation in the Whig Convention, lately assembled at Philadelphia, meets with his entire, full and unequivocal approbation. That he not only never doubted, but never intimated a doubt that his honor and reputation were safe in their hands.

Balie Peyton,
Logan Hunton,
June 23, 1848. A. C. Bullitt.

CURE FOR JEALOUSY.

The affair of Bruce, who was murdered, and found by the aid of a clairvoyant, according to the accounts, induced a young married man, who was on a visit to the city, to call on one of those seers, and ascertain in what occupation his wife was engaged, at her residence, some ninety miles away.

"She is sitting in the parlor," said the lady, "and every once in a while she looks out of the window as if expecting some one."

"Strange," said the gentleman, "who can she expect?"

"Some one entering the door, she seizes him and caresses him fondly."

"It can't be; it's all a hoax; my wife is true to me," interrupted the gentleman, nettled and worried by the green-eyed monster.

"Now he lays his head in her lap, and looks tenderly into her eyes."

"I swear that is false, and I'll make you pay dear for this slander."

"Now he wags his tail," continued the sleeper, and now as this explained the story, the husband vamosed, and resolved never again to be inquisitive in regard to his wife's doings.—*Boston Gazette.*

London.—According to the Rev. Mr. Bellows, the sale of the public parks of London would probably pay off the national debt. "The first and last characteristics of London, he writes, "the peculiarity which thrusts itself upon you every moment, is its size! Of this no description gives an adequate idea. To say that it is thirty miles around, or that one may ride seven or eight miles across the town without getting out of uninterrupted rows of houses; to say that it is ten times as large as New York, and has a hundred streets half as long and as well built as Broadway; to say that it includes parks, in which the whole city of Boston, or all New York, below Bleecker street, might be enclosed, may help one to form a notion of its magnitude."

Republican Simplicity.—It seems, says the Paris correspondent of the Daily News, that, notwithstanding Louis Blanc's theory of equality, he has shown but little disposition for its practice. I learn that at the Luxembourg he lived in royal state. M. Emile Thomas, it seems, reposed in luxurious splendor in the Pavillion de Mousseaux. I learn that the furniture was magnificent, so as to be suited for brilliant receptions. The expenses of this youth, suddenly elevated from an humble rank by the political convulsion of February, have amounted to 1,000 francs (£200) a day.

Consumption and Ventilation.—Sir Jacob Starks, physician to the Queen of England, enumerates as the existing cause of consumption, long confinement in close, ill-ventilated rooms, whether nurseries or school-rooms or manufactories. He also says, "if an infant, born in perfect health, and of the healthiest parents, be kept in close rooms, in which free ventilation and cleanliness are neglected, a few months will often suffice to induce tuberculous cachexia—the beginning of consumption." Persons engaged in confined rooms or work-shops, are the chief sufferers from consumption."

☞ A Yankee orator out West, vindicating his native Connecticut against slanders which have been uttered against her, said:—"As to the Connecticut boys manufacturing horn flints and wooden nutmegs, I plead guilty to those charges! they did manufacture wooden nutmegs, but they had to leave the State before they could get purchasers."

☞ During the mock trial of Louis XVI., he was asked what he had done with a certain sum of money, a few thousand pounds. His voice failed him, and the tears came into his eyes, at the question; at length he replied: "I had a pleasure in making other people happy." He had given the money away in charity.

My garden neat,
Has got a seat
Hid from ev'ry eye, sir;
There day and night,
I read and write;
And nobody's the wiser.

☞ Mrs. Polk, wife of the President, has fitted up the largest and handsomest house in Nashville for their reception, after the 4th of March. Having purchased the mansion, Nashville is to be their future permanent residence.

☞ To wrestle fiercely with it, is not always the best way to get rid of a vicious habit. "Infinite toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist; but, by ascending a little, you may often overlook it altogether."

LATEST NEWS!

FROM MEXICO.

Mr. Sevier was expected at Vera Cruz on the 19th ult. Upon his arrival, the Custom-House at Vera Cruz would be delivered up to the Mexican authorities. General Butler was looked for hourly at Vera Cruz, when the Palmetto left; at New Orleans on the 23d, a salute of one hundred guns was fired, it being supposed that he arrived in the Palmetto; a mistake. All the troops were expected at Jalapa on the 21st. General Patterson was at Encerro, with nearly ten thousand troops, awaiting transportation. Eleven transport vessels sailed on the 19th, some with the Pennsylvania troops. Companies A, E, G, and I, First Regiment Michigan Volunteers, under Colonel Stockton; and a detachment of the 13th Infantry, under Lieutenant Kirkpatrick, arrived at New Orleans on the Palmetto.

A formidable conspiracy had broken out in the city of Mexico, having for its object the overthrow of the Government, and the extermination of the Peace party—or the party in favor of the late Treaty. The work of assassination had already commenced, five of the prominent advocates of peace, friends of the United States, having been murdered.

The conspiracy is headed by General Paredes, Ex-President, and Padre Jarauta, the Guerilla leader.

All the United States troops were expected to leave the Capital on the 21st of June.

The New Orleans Crescent says the New York, First and Second Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Massachusetts, and 2nd and 3rd Ohio Regiments, Georgia, New Jersey and District of Columbia and Maryland Battalions, were to sail from Vera Cruz about the 21st or 22nd—all for New Orleans except the South Carolina and Georgia troops, which were to sail for Mobile. These troops, with others constituting the Divisions of Generals Lane, Patterson and Marshall, amounting to about ten thousand, were encamped at Encero, awaiting transportation for Vera Cruz. They were in fine health. This does not exactly accord with the orders from head quarters, which direct the volunteers to be transported to the point nearest their destination, by which the First Pennsylvanians were to be shipped directly to Philadelphia, and the Second Regiment taken to Pittsburg. The latter regiment may be sent to New Orleans, and thence by steamboat to Pittsburg.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

Saturday Afternoon, July 1, 1848.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The supplies of most descriptions of Breadstuffs continue very light, but the demand generally is on the most limited scale, and prices of Flour have declined 12½c per bbl. Sales of 4000 bbls common standard brands at $5,25a5,37½ for Western and Pennsylvania—chiefly at the lowest rates, and for city use at $5,37½a5,75 as to quality. Rye Flour is scarce, and prices have advanced to $3,62½a3,81¼, with sales at the former price. Corn Meal has been in moderate demand, and some 3000 barrels Pennsylvania sold at $2,50a2,37½ for fresh ground, and $2,25 for round old stock.

GRAIN—Good red Wheat is scarce, but the demand is very moderate, and prices have again given way. Week's sales 20,000 bushels, including only fair to prime Pennsylvania reds at $1,15a1,20 early in the week, since at $1,18a1,12 for prime do, and $1,02a1,12½ for inferior to prime Western, part received via Erie Canal. Rye—We note sales of 2000 bushels Pennsylvania at 70a71½c. Corn has been in fair demand, and about 25,000 bushels sold at 51a52 cts for Southern and Pennsylvania yellow, and 46a47 cts for white per bushel. Oats have been in request, and 5000 bushels sold at 35a36c for Southern and 37a39 for Pennsylvania.

PROVISIONS—The market for salted Meats has been very dull, and no sales of moment have transpired; we quote Western Pork at $10,50a11 for Mess, and $8,50a9 for Prime per bbl. Bacon is very scarce, and prices are firm at 7a8c for Hams, as to quality, 4¼a5c for Sides, and 4¼a4½ for Shoulders. Lard sells in small lots at 7¼a7½c. Butter and Cheese sell slowly at former rates.

BARK—The market for Quercitron has been quiet, and no sales of importance have transpired this week.

BEESWAX—The market is dull, with a heavy stock. A small sale of good Yellow at 21c.

CANDLES—Steady sales of Sperm at 30a31c. In Tallow, no change.

COAL—Anthracite continues in moderate demand at steady prices. We quote Schuylkill White Ash at $3,25a3,31¼ for Lump; Red Ash $3,50a3,62½; Broken and Screened 25c higher. Lehigh sells at $3,62½a3,75 per ton for Lump and Prepared Coal. Sales of 2000 bushels Allegheny Bituminous at 15a16c.

COTTON—The market has been very inactive this week, and the sales only reach 675 bales, including Upland, Mobile and New Orleans, at prices within our range. We quote—

	Upland & Fla.	N. Orls. & Ala.
Middling	6 a 6½	6 a 6¼
Middling Fair	7 a 7¼	7¼ a 7½
Fair	7½ a 7¾	7¾ a 8

COFFEE—The market has been very dull, and only 700 bags sold from store at 6½a7c for Rio, 4 mos. Two cargoes, 7300 bags Rio, have been placed in store.

COPPER—The last sale of Sheathing was at 20½c, 6 mos.

FEATHERS—The demand for Western has been to a limited extent at 33a35c per lb.

FISH—Mackerel continue dull, with small sales at $7,50a8,75 for No. 1; $5a5,50 for No. 2, and $4,25a4,75 for No. 3 per bbl.

FRUIT—A cargo of 3000 boxes Sicily Oranges arrived this week, and part sold on private terms. Further sales of Bahama Pine Apples at $8,50 per 1000. In other descriptions, but little doing.

GINSENG—The last sale of good Crude was at 30 cts. cash.

HEMP—The market remains very dull.

HIDES—No sales have transpired this week.

IRON—Business generally continues inactive, and the sales of Pig Metal have only been 3a400 tons at $26a27 for Anthracite and Charcoal Iron. In manufactured descriptions but little doing. A sale of Scotch Pig at $25 per ton, on time.

LEAD—The stock is very light, and holders ask 4c, cash. A sale of 500 pigs Hard at 3½c.

LUMBER—There has been but little doing this week, but we hear of no change in prices. Shipped from the Lehigh region for the week ending the 24th ult.

	Feet.
	971,728
Previously this season,	11,486,904
Total	12,458,632

MOLASSES—The market has been very dull, and no sales have transpired this week.

NAVAL STORES—No sales of magnitude have occurred in articles under this head since our last weekly review. Spirits of Turpentine is worth 33a34 cts.

OILS—Linseed has been in fair demand, with sales to some extent at 63a64c. Whale has been in some demand, and free sales made at 33a35c. Small sales of Sperm at previous prices.

PLASTER—Further cargo sales at $2,25a2,37½ per ton.

RICE—Stock light. Sales of 50 casks at 3¼a3½ cts per lb.

SALT—An invoice of 600 casks Ashton Fine, sold on private terms, and 6000 bushels Turks Island at about 23c.

SEEDS—The market remains quiet. Sales in bbls at $3,50a3,75 for good to prime Cloverseed; and a small parcel at $4. Flaxseed is dull at $1,35 per bushel.

SPIRITS—No change in the prices of Brandy, Gin or Rum, of which the sales have been quite limited. Whiskey in hhds is scarce, and prices have advanced—sales at 21a22c, closing at the latter rate—300 bbls sold at 22c.

TALLOW—Market dull. We quote rendered at 7½a8c, which is a decline.

TEAS—The market continues inactive.

TOBACCO—The sales have been only in small parcels at about former rates.

WOOL—Some parcels of the new clip have come forward, but the demand is still limited.

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, June 29.—There were 1455 Beeves offered, and sales of 1286 made, including 600 for New York, at $5,50a7,50 per 100 lbs. Cows and Calves—Sales of 310 at $14a20 for dry Cows, $12a26 for Springers, and $18a32 for fresh Cows. Swine—Sales of 450 sold at $5a6 per 100 lbs. Sheep and Lambs—About 1700 were offered, and sales made at $1a3,50 for Sheep and $1,25a3 for Lambs.

Baltimore, June 30.—Cattle—There were offered at the scales on Monday 780 head of Beeves, and 360 sold at prices ranging from $2,50 to 3,75 per 100 lbs on the hoof, being equal to $5a6,75 nett, and averaging about $3 per 100 lbs gross. There were 160 head of the above driven to Philadelphia, and 70 head left over. Small sales have since been making at prices a shade lower than previous quotations. Hogs—A moderate supply—sales of live at $4a4,50 per 100 lbs, according to quality.

NEW YORK MARKETS, JULY 1.

Ashes—The market continues steady. Sales of 100 bbls, part Pots, at $4,87½a5,00; Pearl are steady at $5,87½.

Cotton—Since the news the market has been unsettled, and only 300 bales sold at previous prices.

Flour, &c.—"Change" was thinly attended to-day, and this, together with most of our merchants being out of town, and Independence day being near at hand, had a tendency to check operations. The sales of Flour footed up 4000 bbls at $5,18a5,25 for Oswego, ordinary Michigan and Genesee; $5,37½a5,44 for choice Ohio; $5,62½a5,87½ for pure Genesee; $6,00a6,25 for fancy, and $7,25 for extra. Moderate sales Southern at $6,00a6,12½. Meal—The article was steady. Some 300 bbls Jersey sold at $2,44.

Wheat—No transactions were reported. Rye—Sales of 1000 bbls at 67c. Corn—The sales foot up 15,000 bushels at 48c for New Orleans; 50c for flat yellow, and the same price for white. Oats are quiet at previous quotations.

Hay—The demand is active; sales of 1000 bales North River at 40a44c.

Spices—A sale of 500 mats Cassia was made at 15c, 6 mos.

Wool—60 bags Mexican changed hands at 10c, time.

Provisions—There is but little doing in Provisions. Sales of about 200 bbls Mess Pork at $10,62½, 100 more at about the same price. Beef continues steady at full prices. Cut Meats are comparatively quiet, no sales of moment transpired. Lard—We note sales of 3a400 bbls at 6½a7c. Butter and Cheese are dull.

Sugars—Some 500 hhds and boxes were disposed of at rather better prices.

Hides—2000 Buenos Ayres, 20 lbs, sold at 8½c.

Whiskey—The operations reach 400 bbls at 22a22½ cts for Ohio and Prison.

Freights—Corn was taken for Glasgow at 7d, and for Liverpool at 5a6d; Cotton was engaged at 5-32.

☞ He is both vain and mean, who ascribes the best actions of the good to vanity alone.

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1848.

THE SLAVE TRADE.

The Rev. Mr. Thompson, a Missionary sent out to Africa by the American Missionary Association, has written home of his safe arrival at Sierra Leone.

While at that place, a captured slaver was brought in, and he went on board of her. There were five hundred slaves on board; ten had died after her capture. Mr. Thompson says—"The deck was literally covered with men and women and children, some lying down, some sitting, some standing. Many of them were quite small boys and girls—many of them were mothers and all quite naked. Below were crowded two or three hundred, between floors not exceeding 2½ feet apart. Men sitting flat on the floor, cannot sit up straight, and there they are crowded in as close as they can be jammed; the first row sitting on the floor with their backs against the side or end of the vessel, then another row sitting in the same way crowded close in between their legs, and so on as many as they can crowd in. Their they sit week after week in all their filth and stench and sickness and death!"

THE OTTAWAS.

We learn from the Washington Union, that by the census of the Indian tribes, which is now being taken, it is shown that the seven small bands of Ottawas about Michilimackinac, numbering about 700 souls, who rely wholly on agriculture for a subsistence, have raised, during the last season, 25,000 bushels of corn, and 40,000 bushels of potatoes. They also made, the past Spring, 385,000 pounds, or over 147 tons, of maple sugar, which is worth, at the Mackinac market, seven cents per pound—making $22,750 on sugar alone. Corn is worth, at the same place, 50 cents, and potatoes 37½ cents per bushel. This single example shows what the Indian tribes could do *for themselves*, were they all to make a bold appeal to agriculture for a living, and abandon the chase.

SINGULAR PHENOMENON.

In Greenfield, Michigan, recently, while boring for water, when the augur was withdrawn, it was followed by a violent current of air and water that threw up stones as large as hen eggs, ten or fifteen feet high. The water, however, soon ceased coming, and the air caught from a flame and flashed so high that the hole had to be closed. It has been opened several times since with the same effect.—The power and force of the air does not seem to diminish in the least. The people of Detroit are talking of having it conveyed into that city to light it. We wish we had such a natural gas generator in the neighborhood of Philadelphia.

RELIEF NOTES.

Numbers of Pennsylvania Relief Notes are said to be in circulation, altered from one's to two's and five's. This is effected by pasting over the figure "1" and the word "one," the figure "5" and the word "five," and so with the two's, and is done in many cases very neatly. The Carlisle Volunteer says that great numbers of these altered notes have recently been presented at the State Treasury office. The fraud is generally committed on such notes as are most torn and defaced, and it is not confined to any particular bank.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

On the 27th, Mr. Atchison, the President pro. tem. called the Senate to order at the usual hour, and submitted an invitation from the Washington National Monument Association, to attend the ceremonies of laying the corner stone on the Fourth of July. Mr. Clayton submitted a resolution, accepting the invitation, which was adopted.

Mr. Hale gave notice that he would move for leave to introduce a bill to prevent speculation in the public lands, and to open the same to actual settlers and cultivators.

Mr. Dix presented a highly interesting memorial from Miss Dix, respecting the amelioration of the condition of the indigent insane, and praying that a portion of the public lands in each State be appropriated to supply the means required. On motion of Mr. Dix, the subject was referred to a Select Committee, and 5,000 copies beyond the usual number were ordered to be printed for the Senate.

Mr. Niles, on leave, introduced a bill to set apart and sell to Asa Whitney, a portion of the public lands to aid him in the construction of his railroad to the Pacific. Referred to a Select Committee and ordered to be printed.

The Senate then, on motion, resumed the consideration of the Oregon Bill.

Mr. Bright, of Missouri, gave notice that he would move the Missouri Compromise as an amendment to the bill at the proper time.

Mr. Calhoun being entitled to the floor, addressed the Senate at length in support of the doctrine that Congress had no power to legislate on the subject, and demanding that all acquired territory should be left open to every portion of the people to settle upon it, and to carry slaves there if they chose.

The speech was listened to with great attention by the Senators and a large audience, the galleries being crowded in anticipation.

On motion of Mr. Atherton, the Post Office Appropriation Bill was taken up, and sundry amendments were adopted to the same.

On the 28th, on motion of Mr. Rusk, the bill was taken up providing for the incorporation of the Navy of Texas with that of the United States. It was read a first and second time, and made the order for the following Thursday.

The House resolution, relating to the mode of establishing by evidence heirship for claimants of pensions, was finally passed.

The joint resolution removing the disability of mail contractors incurred by entering into combinations, was taken up, and after some immaterial amendments, passed finally.

On motion of Mr. Atherton, the Senate proceeded to the consideration of the bill making appropriations for fortifications.

Mr. Atherton offered an amendment appropriating $50,000 for the improvement of Fort Delaware, on the Pea Patch Island. The bill was then informally laid aside.

The Senate then proceeded to the consideration of the Oregon Territorial Bill.

Mr. Berrien addressed the Senate: he had always carefully abstained from discussing the important question of slavery now presented, and had always endeavored to prevent any such discussion, by a steadfast opposition to the acquisition of new territory. But as the question was now forced upon them, it became the Senate to meet it. He denied the right of Congress to legislate on the subject of slavery, and argued the question at length.

On the 29th, Mr. Corwin, from the Committee on Public Lands, reported a bill allowing further time for locating Virginia Military Land Warrants.

Mr. Butler, Chairman of the Committee on the Judiciary, reported the bill from the House, extending the jurisdiction of the State of Texas to the middle of the Sabine river, which, after debate, was read for the third time and finally passed.

Agreeably to notice, Mr. Rusk asked and obtained leave to bring in a bill establishing a collection district at Brazos Santiago, Texas. The bill was read the first and second times, by unanimous consent, and referred to the Committee on Commerce.

Mr. Hamlin also obtained leave to bring in a bill making Bangor, Maine, a port of entry. Read twice, and referred the the Committee on Commerce.

The bill to provide for the survey of the mouth of Red River was passed.

Mr. Reverdy Johnson submitted a resolution for consideration, ordering ten thousand copies beyond the ordinary number, of the memorial of the Chicago Convention, to be printed for the use of the Senate.

The consideration of the Oregon Bill was then resumed. Mr. Phelps addressed the Senate in support of the right of Congress to exclude slavery from the territory of Oregon. He held that slaves could not be carried into Oregon, because it being free territory, they would immediately become emancipated. Slaves were property nowhere out of the slave-holding States.

On motion of Mr. Atherton, the Fortification Bill was taken up for consideration.

Mr. Underwood offered as an amendment to the bill, an appropriation of $50,000, for repairing the Cumberland Dam, which was rejected by a vote of yeas 9, nays 20.

The bill was then read a third time, and passed.

Mr. Benton moved that the Senate go into Executive Session, which was agreed to. On the doors being re-opened, the Senate adjourned.

On the 30th, Mr. Westcott obtained leave to introduce a bill authorising the Postmaster General to employ the coast steamers to carry the mail to and from the various seaports of the U. States. Read twice and referred to the Committee upon the Post Office.

Mr. Johnson, of Louisiana, offered a resolution calling upon the Secretary of War for information in regard to the necessity of fortifying Proctor's Landing, for the defence of New Orleans. Agreed to.

The bill allowing further time for the location of the Virginia Military Land Warrants, was passed.

On motion of Mr. Jefferson Davis, ten thousand copies of Lieut. Emory's notes of the route to California, were ordered to be printed.

On motion of Mr. Dix, the bill for the repeal of the pilot laws was taken up for consideration. Mr Dix spoke at some length in its favor.

Mr. Dayton was to have the floor upon the subject on the following day, the subject having been laid aside informally for that day.

On the 1st inst., Mr. Davis, of Mississippi, presented the report of Capt. Roberts, of the Mississippi riflemen, respecting the flag raised by him in the City of Mexico, and recently presented to the United States Senate by General Twiggs. A debate sprung up, in which Messrs. Foote and Davis, of Mississippi, Butler, of South Carolina, and Borland, of Arkansas, participated, respecting the claims of sundry officers to the honor of having raised the first flag, or ordered it to be raised.

After a brief discussion, on motion of Mr. Dayton, of New Jersey, the whole subject was laid on the table.

Mr. Benton, Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, reported a bill from the House repealing the act requiring the President to reduce the number of generals at the close of the war, with amendments, in favor of retaining sundry officers, such as majors, surgeons, assistant surgeons, assistant adjutants, general quartermasters and paymasters in the service, until 4th of March next, and also in favor of giving three months' extra pay to all officers, and non-commissioned officers, musicians and privates that have been or may be honorably discharged, which was adopted unanimously.

Mr. Reverdy Johnson's resolution to print 10,000 additional copies of the memorial of the Chicago Convention, was negatived.

Mr. Bright gave notice that he would move that the final vote on the Oregon Bill be taken on the 12th of July.

After some unimportant business, Mr. Downs moved that the Senate go into Executive Session, which was agreed to, and subsequently adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 27th, Mr. McIlvaine reported a bill for the organization of Indian Territories west of the Mississippi, which was read twice and referred to the Committee of the Whole.

Mr. Embree introduced a bill granting lands in the State of Indiana, for the construction of the New Albany Railroad to the Wabash River. Read twice and referred to the Committee of the Whole.

The bill authorising the State of Texas to extend her boundary line to the 32d degree of North latitude was then taken up and passed.

The bill from the Senate for the relief of bona fide settlers on the Public Lands in the State of Florida, was then taken up and passed.

On the 28th, Mr. Andrew Stewart moved to suspend the rules in order to offer a resolution, calling upon the President for information respecting the amount of extra allowance rendered to Mr. Cass, while Governor of the Northwestern Territory.

Amendments were proposed to include the amount paid to Gen. Taylor for the introduction of blood hounds from Cuba.

Objections were made to the resolution, and it was passed over, Mr. Stewart giving notice that he should call it up at another time.

Mr. Meade offered a resolution calling upon the Postmaster General to furnish the amount of revenue received from each State for the last ten years, which was adopted.

On motion, it was ordered that 10,000 copies of Mr. Strohm's majority report, together with the minority report of Mr. Bedinger, on the Contingent Expenses of the Treasury, be printed.

Mr. Rockwell, of Connecticut, offered a resolution that the same Committee be authorized to make another thorough examination of the Treasury accounts, loans, treasury notes, &c., and have power to send for persons and papers, which was adopted by a decisive vote.

On the 29th, Mr. Hammons moved a re-consideration of the vote by which the resolution to pay arrearages due to Col. Yell was passed. Upon this motion an interesting debate sprang up, in which Messrs. Wentworth, Johnson, of Arkansas, Hammons, Tompkins, Cocke, Schenck, Richardson and others participated.

Mr. Cocke moved to lay the resolution upon the table, which was carried.

Mr. Smith, of Indiana, submitted a bill to surrender to Indiana the portion of the Cumberland Road within that State. The bill was discussed by several members, and after being read twice, was referred to the Committee on Roads and Canals.

The resolution that the monument to be erected in the Congressional Burial Ground in memory of Ex President Adams, be constructed of Quincy granite, was then taken up.

Mr. Andrew Johnson spoke at some length in opposition to this proposition, and the expensive funeral ceremonies bestowed upon the deceased.

Mr. Woodward moved to lay the resolution upon the table. Carried.

On motion of Mr. Vinton, the House went into Committee of the Whole, Mr. Root in the Chair, and resumed the consideration of the General Appropriation Bill.

Mr. Pollock spoke against the Administration and its whole policy.

Mr. French followed in an argument upon the rights of the Territories.

On the 30th, on motion of Mr. Vinton, the House went into Committee of the Whole, Mr. Root in the Chair, and resumed the consideration of the bill making appropriations for the Civil and Diplomatic expenses of the Government.

Joseph R. Ingersoll made a political speech, censuring the Administration for the frequent diplomatic appointments and changes that have occurred since the inauguration of Mr. Polk. He also advocated the claims of Gen. Taylor to the Presidency.

Mr. Thompson, of Kentucky, followed upon the same side.

Mr. Bocock next made a speech upon the subject of territorial rights, and Mr. Mann followed on the same topic, though he took opposite grounds.

On the 1st inst., Mr. Vinton, of Ohio, moved that the House resolve itself into a Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, and take up the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill, which was agreed to, Mr. Root, of Ohio, in the chair.

Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, being entitled to the floor, made a political speech, and proceeded to expound Taylor Whig principles, and to lay down a Taylor platform, and to overset the platform of the opposite party.

He made a warm appeal for the preservation of the Union, and deprecated the acquisition of territory. That was the way for the North to stop the extension of slavery.

Mr. McClelland read a defence of Mr. Cass relative to the moneys received while Governor of the Indian territory. He said he received no more than his due, as his experience of Indian affairs rendered his services valuable. Gen. Scott and Governors Porter, Pope and others had received similar pay for the same kind of services. He also replied to Mr. Stewart's speech.

Mr. Cobb, of Georgia, made a reply, during which he was interrupted, on leave, and interrogated by Messrs. Hilliard and Ashman. Mr. Flournoy next delivered a speech of about half an hour, when the Committee rose and the House adjourned.

Items of News.

Spider Poison.—"Two or three weeks since," says the *Boston Courier*, "an actor in one of our theatres was buttoning up a pair of tights, to go on in his part, when he felt something prick him under the waist-band. He threw them open as soon as possible, when a large black spider fell upon the floor, which he killed. The poison of the wound spread over a surface of several inches, causing sickness, and the detention of the performer from his duties ever since; but, by judicious medical treatment, he is recovering."

More Distinguished Foreigners.—The brig Allen, Capt. Williams, which arrived at this port on Friday, from the West Coast of Africa, brought home an enormous Boa Constrictor and a female Ourang Outang. The Boa is twenty-eight feet in length, and, during the passage, produced in a single night, sixty eggs, the aggregate weight of which was forty-eight pounds!—*Salem Register, June 26.*

A Caution to Housekeepers.—A family in Lancaster county were, a few days since, made very ill by eating of a sponge cake flavored too highly with "peach water." We beg our young housekeepers to beware how they use this very agreeable and common addition to pies, confectionary, &c., as it is but a mild form of that deadly poison *Prussic acid.*

Depreciation of Property in Europe.—As an instance of the rapid depreciation of property in Europe since the recent Revolutionary movements, it is stated that at a sale of one of the largest weaving establishments at Ghent, which six years ago let at a yearly rental of 81,000 francs, (about $16,000) it had realized only 21,000 francs, or about $4,000.

Madame Restell.—This notorious female will have to go to the Penitentiary after all. The Court of Appeals of New York has approved the conviction and sentence of the Court of Sessions, and ordered that the date of the imprisonment commence with that of the decision, notwithstanding she has been in jail for seven months.

Perfuming the Theatre.—The Broadway Theatre has a new ventilating apparatus in it, which by means of steam power throws 3,000 feet of fresh air into the theatre per minute! By putting an ounce of cologne water into the apparatus, the whole theatre (they say) is made delightfully fragrant.

All Stopped!—All the bagging factories in the Western country have stopped, according to written agreements among themselves, for sixty days. The cause of this is the overplus of bagging in the market, and the high price of hemp.

☞ There is so much excitement in England in regard to the unhealthiness of burying grounds in large towns, that it is probable they will be abolished in every city in England. A crowded burying ground in a large city is believed to be a fruitful cause of disease and death.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 200—adults 68, and children 132.

Selected Sketch.

DANISH JUSTICE.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

The war had broken out between England and France; Bonaparte had broken the treaty of Amiens; all was consternation amongst our countrymen in India, particularly those who had valuable cargoes at sea, and those who were about to return to their native land. I was one of the latter class—so I joyfully accepted a passage home on board a Dane—Denmark, as yet, remaining neuter in our quarrel.

So far as luxury went, I certainly found her very inferior to our regular Indiamen; but as a sailer, she was far superior, and in point of discipline, her crew was as well regulated, and as strictly commanded, as the crew of a British man-of-war. In fact, such order, regularity, and implicit obedience I could never have believed to exist on board a merchantman.

The chief mate was one of the finest young men I ever saw. He had just been promoted to his present post—not from the mere fact of his being the owner's son, but really from sterling merit.—He was beloved by the crew, amongst whom he had served, as is usual in the Danish service, five years, and was equally popular with his brother officers and the passengers returning to Europe.

The only bad character we had on board was the cook, a swarthy, ill-looking Portuguese, who had managed somehow or other daily to cause some disturbance amongst the seamen. For this he had often been reprimanded; and the evening when this sketch opens, he had just been released from irons, into which he had been ordered for four-and-twenty hours, by the chief mate, for having attempted to poison a sailor who had offended him. In return for having punished him thus severely, the irritated Portuguese swore to revenge himself on the first officer.

The mate, who was called Charles, was walking in the waist with a beautiful young English girl, to whom he was engaged to be married, stopping occasionally to admire the flying-fish, as they skimmed over the surface of the water, pursued by their cruel destroyer, talking over the anticipated bliss their union would confer, their hopes and fears, the approval of their parents, their bright prospects, indulging in future scenes of life, as steady as the trade-wind before which they were quietly running—when suddenly, ere a soul could interpose, or even suspect his design, the cook rushed forward and buried his knife with one plunge into the heart of the unfortunate young man, who fell without a cry, as the exulting Portuguese burst forth into a demoniac laugh of triumph.

Unconscious of the full extent of her bereavement, the poor girl hung over him; and as a friend who had rushed forward to support him, drew the knife from his bosom, her whole dress which was white, was stained with his blood. With an effort Charles turned towards her, gave her one last look of fervent affection, and as the blade left the wound, fell a corpse in the arms of him who held him.

By this time the captain had come on deck. He shed tears like a child, for he loved poor Charles as his own son. The exasperated crew would instantly have fallen on the assassin, and taken summary vengeance, so truly attached had they been to the chief mate, and were only kept within bounds by their commander's presence. The cook, who appeared to glory in his deed, was instantly seized and confined. The corpse was taken below, while the wretched betrothed was carried, in a state of insensibility, to her cabin.

Eight bells had struck, the following evening, when I received a summons to attend on deck. I therefore instantly ascended, and found the whole of the crew dressed in their Sunday clothes, together with all the officers of the ship, and the male passengers, assembled. The men off duty were lining either side of the deck; the captain, surrounded by his officers, was standing immediately in front of the poop; and the body of the unfortunate victim lay stretched on a grating, over which the national flag of Denmark had been thrown, immediately in the centre. In an instant I saw that I had been summoned to be present at the funeral of the chief mate, and my heart beat high with grief as I uncovered my head and stepped on the quarter-deck.

It was nearly a dead calm; we had passed the trades, and were fast approaching the line; the sun had begun to decline, but still burnt with a fervent heat; the sails hung listlessly against the masts, and the mainsail was brailed up, in order to allow the breeze, should any rise, to go forward. I had observed all the morning a still more sure indication of our approach to the torrid zone. Through the clear blue water I had remarked a couple of sharks following the vessel, accompanied by their usual companions—the pilot-fish. This the sailors had expected, as a matter of course, as they superstitiously believe that these monsters of the deep always attach themselves to a ship in which a dead body lies, anxiously anticipating their dreadful meal. In their appearance, however, I only saw the usual announcement of our vicinity to the line.

In such weather, placed in a ship which seems to represent the whole world—shut out from all save the little band that encircles us, with the wide and fathomless element around us—the ethereal throne from which God seems to look down upon us; at one moment our voice rising in solemn prayer for one we have loved, and the next, the plash of the divided waters, as they receive in their bosom the creature He has made—all these, at such a moment, make the heart thrill with a deeper awe, a closer fellowship with its Creator than any resident on shore can know—a consciousness of the grandeur of God and the feebleness of man, which those alone can feel who "go down in ships, and see the wonders of the deep."

I took my place with the other passengers. Not a word was spoken, for we all believed we were about to witness the last rites performed over our late friend, and consequently stood in anxious silence, when suddenly a steady tramp was heard, and the larboard watch, with drawn cutlasses, slowly marched down the waist, escorting the murderer, whom they conducted to the side of the corpse; then withdrew a few paces, and formed a line, which completed the hollow square.

We now began to exchange glances. Surely the assassin had not been brought here to witness the burial of his victim; and yet what else could it be for? Had it been for trial, (as we had heard that the Danes often proceeded to instant investigation and summary punishment,) we should probably have seen the tackle prepared for hanging the culprit at the yard-arm. This, however, was not the case; and we all, therefore, felt puzzled as to the meaning of the scene.

We were not long kept in doubt. The second mate read from a paper which he held in his hand, the full powers delegated to the captain to hold courts-martial, and carry their sentences into effect, the law in similar cases, &c., &c.; and called on the prisoner to know whether he would consent to be tried in the Danish language. To this he willingly assented, and the court was declared open.

The flag was suddenly withdrawn from the face of the corpse; and even the monster who had struck the blow shuddered as he beheld the calm, almost seraphic look of him whom he had stricken.

The trial now proceeded in the most solemn manner. Evidence of the crime was adduced, and the deed clearly brought home to the accused. I confess that my blood turned cold when I saw the knife produced which had been used as the instrument of the murder, and the demon-like smile of the prisoner, as he beheld it, stained as it was with the blood of one who had been forced by his duty to punish him.

After a strict investigation, the captain appealed to all present, when the prisoner was unanimously declared guilty.

The officers put on their hats, and the captain proceeded to pass sentence. Great was my surprise (not understanding one word which the commander said) to see the culprit throw himself on his knees, and begin to sue for mercy. After the unfeeling and obdurate manner in which he had conducted himself, such an appeal was unaccountable; for it was quite evident he did not fear death, or repent the deed he had committed. What threatened torture could thus bend his hardened spirit I was at a loss to conjecture.

Four men now approached and lifted up the corpse. A similar number seized the prisoner, while ten or twelve others approached with strong cords. In a moment I understood the whole, and could not wonder at the struggles of the murderer, as I saw him lashed back to back, firmly, tightly, without the power to move, to the dead body of his victim. His cries were stopped by a sort of gag, and, writhing as he was, he, with the body, was laid on the grating, and carried to the gangway. The crew mounted on the nettings and upon the shrouds. A few prayers from the Danish burial-service were read by a chaplain on board, and the dead and the living, the murderer and his victim, were launched into eternity, bound together!

As the dreadful burden separated the clear waters, a sudden flash darted through their transparency, and a general shudder went round, as each one felt it was the expectant shark that rushed forward for his prey. I caught a glance of the living man's eye as he was falling; it haunts me even to this moment; there was more than agony in it!

We paused only for a few minutes, and imagined we saw some blood stains rising to the surface.—Not one amongst us could remain to see more.—We turned away, and sought to forget the stern and awe-inspiring punishment we had seen inflicted.

A Model Juryman.—A New Jersey paper tells a funny story of a well known character, who frequently figured on juries in New York. Whilst on a jury, so soon as they had retired to their room to deliberate, he would button up his coat and "turn in" on a bench, exclaiming, "Gentlemen, I'm for bringing in a verdict for plaintiff, (or defendant, as he had settled in his mind,) and all creation can't move me. Therefore, as soon as you have all agreed with me, wake me up, and we'll go in."

☞ A paper speaks of a man being "indecently drunk!" Has the editor ever seen any one "decently" drunk?

A ROBBER CHIEF IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

FROM SHARPE'S LONDON MAGAZINE.

Among the remarkable personages of the last century, was the celebrated (or shall we not rather say the notorious) Cartouche, a Robber-Chief, who at the head of his daring band of followers, filled all France with his deeds of violence, and carried terror even into the streets of Paris. His reckless audacity was mixed with a degree of gallantry and of devotion which softened the harsher features of his character, and invested him with a certain kind of popularity even among those who were held in constant terror by his name.

Monsieur Argenson was an incomparable Lieutenant General of Police, but in defiance of all his vigilance, Cartouche appeared in the midst of Paris; and at this unwelcome apparition, many families who had not the resource of a courtly residence at Versailles, prepared to take refuge in their country *chateaux*, although the severity of the winter made such a removal both disagreeable and inconvenient. They found, however, that safety was not to be secured by flight, for Cartouche, at the head of forty or fifty men, attacked the Cardinal of Gevres, as he was passing through the outlets of Paris, on his way to Bourges. It is true that he dealt gently with the Cardinal, having deprived him only of his Episcopal cross and Pontifical ring, together with ten louis-d'ors, which were found in his purse; a pasty of robin-red breasts, and two flagons of Tokay, which he had won from a friend at picquet. We may observe here, by way of parenthesis, that this worthy Cardinal, although prodigiously scrupulous, was somewhat addicted to good living: he would on no account play for money, lest he might lose that which rightfully belonged to the poor; neither would he indulge himself by purchasing expensive food or wine; but his conscience was quite at ease when he played at picquet for some *recherche* dish, or for a flagon of Schiraz which cost twelve or fifteen louis. If he was so unlucky as to lose, he paid his debt of honor by giving a volume of his ecclesiastical mandates and pastoral instructions, of which he always carried about with him forty or fifty copies superbly bound and illuminated. These little self-deceptions were thoroughly understood among his friends, who readily fell in with his humors, because he was not only the most dainty, but also the most charitable of prelates—the most cordial and good-hearted of men.

To return to his adventure with Cartouche. The bandits refused to take anything from the Abbe de Cervette, the Cardinal's Secretary; saying that he was too handsome a youth to be robbed, and that they had not audacity enough to commit so great a crime.

"Since you are so very kind and courteous to Monsieur l'Abbe," said his Eminence, "you ought at least, to leave him half the pasty, and one flagon of this Hungary wine."

"Most gladly will I share them with M. l'Abbe," replied Cartouche; "if he will do us the honor to join our party, and to partake."

But the Abbe hastened to offer his excuses for declining so polite an invitation; and thereon followed mutual compliments and regrets which doubtless were more amusing to the bandits than to those whom they were despoiling, and who longed for their departure.

One of the robbers pretended to suspect the Abbe was a fair lady disguised in a cassock.

"Rash and unhappy being!" exclaimed the Cardinal; "do you not know that such a concealment would be an act of sacrilege on my part? And how do you dare to take me for a guilty debauchee?"

Cartouche gave his comrade so furious a blow, that he struck him to the ground.

"There! that will teach thee to treat our prelates disrespectfully," said he, reddening with anger.

"See how this rascal presumes to attack the Cardinal of Bourges; knowest thou not that he refuses tythes from those that are in distress?" continued Cartouche, foaming with rage, and kicking the poor wretch who lay sprawling on the ground!

* * * * * * *

So full of terror were the good people of Paris at this time, that no one ventured out at night, without being accompanied by five or six well-armed men; and those whose attendants were either few or cowardly, attached themselves to the better appointed equipage of their friends. The Parisian police were continually on the qui vive, and while their indefatigable chief was on his nightly patrole, Cartouche entered his house, and rifled it so thoroughly of every article of value, that the worthy officer was obliged to eat his soup with a pewter spoon. The major of the French Guards did not know which way to turn, so numerous and pressing were the applications made to him for sentinels and escorts, many of which he was obliged to refuse. In short, since the days of the Fronde, Paris had not been filled with such perplexity and fear.

While this extraordinary man was thus baffling the vigilance of some, and defying the authority of others, it was affirmed that the influence of one lady's name was all powerful with Cartouche and his myrmidons. The Marquise de Bauffremont distributed passes which were always respected by the bandits, and the secret of her power soon became known.

She had returned home one morning at half-past two o'clock, and as soon as her waiting-women had undressed her, she dismissed them according to her usual custom, and sat down by her fireside to write her journal, which, unhappily, has since been lost; for she was a woman of great talent, and so full of observation that nothing passed unnoticed before her eyes.

She was enjoying her busy solitudes, when her attention was suddenly attracted by a confused noise in the chimney; and a moment afterwards there appeared from amid a tumbling mass of soot, plaster, and swallows' nests, a man armed to the teeth. His precipitate descent having impelled the burning logs into the centre of her apartment, his first act was to seize the tongs and deliberately to replace the wood in its former position on the hearth. Some glowing cinders having fallen upon the carpet he gently removed them with his foot; and then turning to the marquis, made her a low bow.

"Madam, may I presume to inquire who it is I have the honor of addressing?"

"Sir, I am Madame de Bauffremont; but as you have the appearance and manners of a gentleman, rather than of a robber, I cannot divine why you have come down the chimney at this very unseasonable hour into my apartment."

"Madam, I had no intention to enter your apartment. Will you have the kindness to accompany me to the door of your hotel?" added he, drawing a pistol out of his belt, and taking a lighted wax candle.

"But, sir—"

"Madam, you will have the goodness to make haste;" said he, cocking his pistol. "We will go down together, and you shall order your Swiss to draw the string."

"Speak lower, sir; for Heaven's sake speak lower!" said the terrified woman. "The Marquis de Bauffremont may overhear you."

"Pray, Madam, put on your mantle, for it is excessively cold, and you may suffer from going out in your dressing-gown."

His orders were implicitly obeyed, and Madame de Bauffremont was so overcome with fear, that as soon as she had seen her redoubtable visitor fairly outside the house, she was obliged to sit down a moment in the porter's lodge. A loud tap was heard at the window which overlooked the street.

"Monsieur le Suisse, I have travelled a couple of leagues to-night, over the roofs of houses, being pursued by informers. Do not let your master suppose that I have been here on an affair of gallantry, or that I am Madame de Bauffremont's lover; you will have to do with Cartouche, so take care what you are about. But they shall hear from me by post."

Madame de Bauffremont returned to her apartment, more dead than alive, and awaking the marquis, relating to him what had passed. He declared it was only a nightmare, and that she must have had disturbed dreams. Two or three days later, however, she received a most polite and respectful note from Cartouche, enclosing a safe conduct for herself and family, with permission to extend it to her intimate friends. The letter was accompanied by a small box, containing a magnificent diamond; and the stone being valued by Madame Lempereur at two thousand crowns, the Marquise de Bauffremont deposited that sum in the hands of the treasurer of Notre Dame, for the invalids of the Hotel-Dieu. So the matter terminated satisfactorily for all parties.

One more anecdote of Cartouche, and I have done.

After his capture and condemnation, in 1721, he underwent the torture, both ordinary and extraordinary, with unflinching fortitude, and no pressure of agony could wring from him the names of his accomplices; but a religious scruple accomplished that which the severest sufferings could not achieve. The curate of St. Sulpice, whose visits he had earnestly solicited, having convinced him that one of the first duties of a Christian was to tell the whole truth when it was required by a lawfully constituted judge, the unhappy man, with torrents of tears, revealed the names of his accomplices; but he seemed almost overwhelmed by the mighty effort it required to abandon, even in subservience to religious duty, that principle of fidelity to his comrades which had so long been the ruling instinct of his better nature.

Thus strangely blended are the tendencies to good and evil, even among the very outcasts of humanity!

To Preserve Cherries.—Take large ripe morella cherries; weigh them, and to each pound allow a pound of loaf-sugar. Stone the cherries, (opening them with a sharp quill,) and save the juice that comes from them in the process. As you stone them, throw them into a pan or tureen, and strew about half the sugar over them, and let them lie in it an hour or two after they are all stoned. Then put them into a preserving kettle with the remainder of the sugar, and boil and skim them till the fruit is clear and the syrup thick.

Clippings.

☞ Mr. Grinnell has brought in a bill for a lighthouse at *Death's Door*. This realizes the poet's notion of "lighting the way to dusty death."

☞ Genius has one trial which finds no sympathy; it is the trial of being measured as coarse things are; of seeing its jewels accounted of no value; its inspiration lost for want of interpreters, or used up as fit mixtures with common things.

☞ The cooks of Berlin have published an address, complaining of the preference given to French cookery and cooks, and urging their countrymen to breakfast, dine and sup on good old German fare, prepared by German hands.

☞ Scratch the green rind of a sapling, or wantonly twist it in the soil, and the scarred and crooked oak will tell of thee for centuries to come. How forcibly does this beautiful figure teach the lesson of giving right instead of wrong tendencies to the mind.

☞ "Mary Jane, have you laid the table cloth and plates yet?" "Yeth 'em—every thing but the eggs, and them's Ann's work."

☞ When you are addressing a blockhead, be as grandiloquent as possible; for the less such people understand, the more profound they think you are. In a vacuum, recollect, fea hers fall as fast as guineas.

☞ "Mrs. Brown, ain't you afeard that your boy will get drowned, goin' in swimmin' so much?" "Well, Miss Smith, I shouldn't wonder, for he's just rogue enough for that."

☞ A correspondent of the Literary World says that, by a letter received from England by the last steamer, he learns that William and Mary Howitt intend shortly to visit America.

☞ It is said that since the late insurrection and massacre at Naples, it is unsafe for any man who wears his beard and mustachios to walk the streets of that Capital, as the lazzaroni regard these hairy ornaments of the face as sure tokens of a republican.

☞ Three persons were burned to death in a mill at St. Marie Nouvelle-Beauce, Canada, on the 10th ult. It is supposed that the assistant miller fell asleep, the grain ran out, and that the friction of the millstones caused the fire.

☞ An individual at Leeds has propounded a plan whereby all the lamps in the town may be simultaneously lighted and extinguished, without the intervention of lamplighters. The agent by which it is proposed to do this, is electricity, conveyed by a single continuous wire to every lamp.

☞ Lawyers and law-mongers sometimes get a "fat take" worth bragging about. In "the Petty Bag" Office of Chancery, it came out on a Parliamentary inquiry, that the deputy-clerk confessed having made a charge of £183 for simply altering the tense in a petition of right!

☞ The new planet discovered in April has been named *Metis.*

☞ A Gutta Percha band has been made in New York for connecting the machinery of one of the large mills in Lowell, which is two hundred and fourteen feet long and two feet wide—all in one piece. Its value is about $700.

☞ The following is one of the neatest epigrams we have seen for many a day. It was written for a barber.

"What annoyed other folks never spoiled his repose,
T'was the same thing to him whether stocks fell or rose,
For blast and for mildew he cared not a pin,
His crops never failed, for they grew on the chin."

☞ There are few laws the force of which may not be evaded by an ingenious rogue. The Koran does not say that a Mussulman must not drink wine; it only says "that a Mussulman must not be seen to drink wine;" and under this equivoque the pious follower of the prophet considers himself entitled to break the sacred law.

☞ Advice, says Coleridge, is like snow—the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind.

☞ One of our contemporaries informs us that when he is prevented from writing, by sickness or otherwise, he *dictates* to his wife. He must be a bold man!

☞ There were seven hundred candidates for the eleven vacancies in the Department of the Seine in the French National Assembly.

☞ It has been ascertained that the number of English mechanics that have fled from France is 7,000.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the Western States, assisted by *James R. Smith, J. T. Dent, T. Gardner Smith, Frederick J. Hawse, John W. Armstrong, Jason Taylor, E. M. Stevenson, and W. Ramsey.*

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, 182 South Tenth street, Philadelphia, is our general travelling agent for the Southern and South-Western States, assisted by *Jas. K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, John B. Weld, T. S. Waterman, John Collins, James Deering, Isaac D. Guyer, R. S. James and Robt. Barton.*

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS of Montgomery, Alabama, is our general travelling agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

JAS. PIERCE, do. in New Jersey.

CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of Ohio.

MORTIMER T. WEBB, do. do. do. for New York State.

FRANCIS SHEPHERD, do. do. for the Eastern States.

JUSTUS WHITE, New York and Canada.

J. L. SPROGLE, in Ohio, &c.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depot of *JAMES A. GILBERT & Co., Publishers, &c., No. 49 Ann Street, New York City.*
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WISTAR'S BALSAM AT HOME.
Boston, April 14, 1846.

Mr. S. W. Fowle,—

Dear Sir:—I have been induced at the suggestion of many of my friends, to make known to the public through you, the great benefit I have derived from the use of the medicine called

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY,

in the hope that others suffering from lung complaints may find the same relief by its use that I have done.

The latter part of last summer and in the fall, I suffered greatly from a severe cough, pain in the side, difficulty of breathing, loss of appetite, and other symptoms which indicated a rapid decline. Three of the most learned and intelligent medical practitioners pronounced my case consumption, and stated to me that nothing but a change of climate could be of the least possible benefit to me, as my lungs were in a very inflamed and diseased state. At this time, in hopes I might find a temporary relief for my cough, I bought a bottle of the Balsam, which not only gave me the relief that my failing strength required, but seemed to give me new life and energy.

After taking several bottles of the medicine, my appetite returned, and with it my strength; my cold entirely left me, as also the night sweats, which, previous to this had been very profuse. In five weeks' time I gained eight pounds of flesh, and have been able ever since to take my accustomed exercise, a walk of from three to four miles a day, and attend to my regular business. I should be most happy to have you refer any one, who may wish further particulars, to me at my place of business, No. 205 Washington street. Very truly yours,

WM. H. HOLBROOK.

None genuine, unless signed I. BUTTS on the wrapper.

For sale by Charles Schaffer, No. 215 Market street, Frederick Brown, corner of Fifth and Chesnut streets, Philadelphia, and Druggists generally throughout the United States and British Provinces. 1t

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY R. JOHNSTON, BROKER.
No. 24 South Third Street,
Philadelphia, July 8, 1848.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks	par
U. S. bank notes	14 dis
Girard do.	[illegible]
Chambersburg	1 dis
York	1 dis
Berks county	no sale
Gettysburg	1 dis
Carlisle	1 dis
Lewistown	30 dis
Brownsville	1 dis
Pittsburg	¼ dis
Waynesburg	1½ dis
Washington	1½ dis
Erie	3½ dis
Susquehanna county	2½ dis
Lebanon	1 dis
Lehigh county bank	—
Towanda	no sale
Honesdale	¼ dis
Harrisburg	¼ dis
West Branch	1½ dis
Wyoming	1½ dis
Middletown	¼ dis
Northampton	no sale
Schuylkill Haven	par
Pottsville	par
Relief notes	1½ dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Trenton, M't Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford	par
Plainfield	—
Newark, Newtown, Paterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Or'nge, Belvidere, Elizabethtown, Dov'r, Rahway, P'th Amboy	¼ dis
N. Hope, Del Bridge	5 dis
Yard Del Bridge co	10 dis
DELAWARE.	
All solvent banks	par
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks	¼ dis
Mineral bank	2 dis
Salisbury	no sale
Frederick county	1 dis
Cumberland	1 dis
Washington county	1 dis
Hagerstown	1 dis
Havre-de-Grace	1 dis
Far and Millers bk	no sale
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.	
All solvent banks	¼ dis
NEW YORK.	
City banks	¼ dis
Tonawanda	40 dis
Oswego	30 dis
Millers', Clyde	15 dis
James bank	3 dis
Atlas bank	30 dis
State bk—Saugerties	1 dis
Northern Ex. bk	1 dis
Country banks	½ dis
MAINE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
VERMONT.	
Bank of St. Albans	2 dis
All solvent banks	½ dis
CONNECTICUT.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
CANADA.	
Montreal	5 dis
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va & branches	1 dis
Far Bk. & branch	1 dis
Valley Bk. & branch	do dis
Ex. Bk. & branch	do dis
Wheeling	do dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks	2 dis
Small notes	2 dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
So. West. R. R.	1½ dis
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
GEORGIA.	
Bank of St. Mary's	1½ dis
Central Bk. of Mill.	1½ dis
Georgia R. R. Co.	1½ dis
Ruckersville Bkg. Co.	—
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
ALABAMA.	
Bank of Mobile	2 dis
Country banks	5 dis
MISSISSIPPI.	
All banks	unc
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
FLORIDA.	
So. Life & Trust Co.	—
OHIO.	
Bank of Wooster	60 dis
Com. Bk. of Scioto	15 dis
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
KENTUCKY.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
INDIANA.	
State bank	2 dis
Small notes	2 dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois	60 dis
State bank	70 dis
Bank of Cairo	—
MISSOURI.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
TENNESSEE.	
All solvent banks	5 dis
MICHIGAN.	
Bank of St. Clair	no sale
Farmers' & Mech's	5 dis
ARKANSAS.	
All banks	no sale
WISCONSIN.	
Mineral Point	—
Bank of Milwaukie	—
IOWA.	
Miners' bank	—

SCOTT'S MANUSCRIPTS.

Mr. J. A. Ballantyne's library was sold in Edinburgh the other day. The manuscript of the *Black Dwarf* brought twenty-eight guineas; Sir Walter's proofs of his *Life of Napoleon*, in nine vols., were sold for forty-five guineas; and twelve vols. of proofs of the *Waverly* novels fetched forty-one guineas.

☞ "I say, Bill, don't you think that glazier has a very benign countenance?" "Very, indeed," replied the wag. "A regular seven b' nine countenance."

ALMANAC.

July 1848	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES
8 Saturday,	4 39	7 21	8 6	
9 Sunday,	4 40	7 20	8 48	D. H. M.
10 Monday,	4 40	7 20	9 31	
11 Tuesday,	4 41	7 19	10 16	
12 Wednesday,	4 41	7 19	11 4	First 8 4 24
13 Thursday,	4 42	7 18	11 52	Full 16 4 13
14 Friday,	4 42	7 18	12 37	Last 23 6 20
15 Saturday,	4 43	7 17	1 20	New 30 2 18

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
June 25,	74	82	87
26,	76	84	91
27,	80	88	93
28,	79	88	95
29,	78	83	89
30,	77	82	87
July 1,	78	90	91

Married,

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. Owen Shannon, Mr. FRANCIS W. GETZ, to Miss MARY L. SHANNON, all of the Northern Liberties.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. D. T. Carnahan, Mr. GEO. DOUGHERTY, to Miss ELIZABETH MOTHERLAND, all of this city.

On the 25th ult. by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. WM. H. VACORN, to Miss MARTHA M. CARTER, all of Kensington.

On the 4th ultimo, by the Rev. John Coleman, Mr. SAMUEL C. BAKER, to Miss ELMIRA CRISLER, both of this city.

On the 1st of Jan. last, by the Rev. John L. Grant, GEORGE WISTLER, to MARY A. BENEDICT.

On the 19th of October, 1845, by the Rev. William Urie, JOHN B. HERRON, to Miss MARY A. PAGE, all of this city.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. JOHN W. HALES, to Miss CAROLINE P. daughter of the late John W. Hansbury, Esq. all of this city.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. John B. Dales, Mr. ROBERT WINCHESTER, to Miss MARGARET TODD.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. Edward J. Sourin, Mr. THEODORE EDDY, to Miss CECILIA R. GORMAN, all of Philadelphia.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. John S. Woodside, Mr. JAMES WALLACE, to Miss MARY WILL, both of this city.

On the 19th of Feb. last, by the Mayor of this city, Mr. DAVID BALLBECK, to Miss SARAH C. BRACELAND, all of Philadelphia.

On the 29th ult. in Grace Church, by the Rev. Wm. Suddards, JAS. N. BUNKER, to ELLEN LOUISA, daughter of the late Rev. James Wiltbank, U. S. Navy.

On the 28th ult. by Friends' Ceremony, JOSEPH G. HENSZEY, to REBECCA P. daughter of the late Dr. Alex. Knight.

On the 27th ult. by the Rev. Joel Parker, D. D. the Rev. EDWARD B. BRUEN, to REBECCA GUEST, daughter of the late Thomas R. Tunis, all of this city.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. Thos. Winter, of Roxborough, Mr. JAMES A. MARLY, to Miss ANN M. YARNAL, both of Manayunk.

On the 22d ult. by the Rev. Thomas Goodwin, JOHN W. EVERMAN, of this city, to Miss EDITH BENNETT, of Chester county.

On the 13th ult. by the Rev. R. Lutton, of Camden, N. Jersey, to Mr. ELIAS HULL, to Miss JANE JONES, both of Philadelphia.

Died,

On the 29th ult. Mrs. MARIA M. TRUITT, aged 57.

On the 30th ult. WILLIAM H. son of Saml. and Julia E. Beatty, aged 14 months.

On the 30th ult. HENRY EUGENE, son of John and Mary Thalabar, aged 17 months.

On the 29th ult. WM. PLEASANTS, aged 40 years.

On the 30th ult. JAMES A. GORDON, aged 41 years.

On the 30th ult. HAROLD FELTON, son of Alfred and Amanda Crease, aged 13 months.

On the 30th ult. LYDIA ASH, aged 79 years.

On the 28th ult. JACOB DUBY, aged 42 years.

On the 28th ult. EMMA ADALINE, daughter of Ab'm J. and Sarah A. Smith, aged 11 months.

On the 29th ult. Mrs. ALICE KOHL, aged 71 years.

On the 28th ult. ENOCH, only child of Jacob and Rosina Rittenhouse, aged 8 months.

On the 27th ult. Mr. NICHOLAS WENTZELL, aged 68.

On the 29th ult. ANNA, daughter of Thos. and Ellen Arnold, aged 20 months.

On the 30th ult. LYDIA JORDON, aged 61 years and 4 months.

On the 30th ult. Mrs. LYDIA GARRETT, aged 65.

On the 30th ult. CATHARINE, daughter of Henry and Margaret Logan, aged 1 year.

On the 30th ult. MARGARET ANN, daughter of John and Jane Hood, aged 15 months.

Was drowned, on the 26th ult. STEPHEN J. SULLIVAN.

On the 30th ult. ANN MCGONAGLE, aged 15 months.

On the 30th ult. Mrs. ELLEN CULLEN, aged 73.

On the 30th ult. ELIZA P. daughter of Henry K. and Mary Harrison, aged 18 years.

On the 30th ult. CATHARINE E. daughter of Andrew and Mary Vaughan, aged 1 year.

On the 30th ult. MARGARET HENRY, aged 45 years.

On the 28th ult. Miss T. B. JONES, of Chestertown, Md.

On the 28th ult. at Mount Carbon, Schuylkill county, ARTHUR D. son of J. C. and Margaret S. Curran, aged 17 months.

On the 30th ult. REBECCA BELL, daughter of Wm. and Margaret Alexander, aged 11 months.

On the 28th ult. Miss ELIZABETH PATTON, aged 71.

On the 29th ult. CHARLES, son of James and Mary Shaughnesy, aged 3 months.

On the 28th ult. Mrs. BARBARA HIESTER, aged 54.

On the 28th ult. THEODORE CARDWELL, son of Theodore and Jane Brown, aged 3 months.

On the 28th ult. ELIZA THOMPSON, daughter of Saml. and Sarah Rayne, aged 16 months.

On the 29th ult. ARABELLA, daughter of Jesse and Mary A. Weller, aged 3 years and 10 months.

On the 28th ult. JACOB STACKER, aged 73 years.

On the 28th ult. CHARLES ALBRECHT, aged 88 years.

On the 27th ult. PETER O'DANIEL, aged 73 years.

On the 28th ult. J. WM. SUTTON, aged 8 months.

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 21st to the 27th June.

June 21, received from			
P. Enders	$2 00	J. Weakley	2 00
Mrs. E. Dougherty	2 00	Mrs. D. W. McPhail	2 00
Poleg Place	6 00	Miss C. E. Shirley	2 00
G. A. Cramer	1 00	C. P. Messley & Co.	15 00
J. Calvin, Jr.	4 00	R. L. Sharpless & Co.	20 00
G. Gassaway	2 00	N. & H. Hunter	19 00
A. H. Davis	20 00	S. & D. Miller	10 00
J. Widdifield	2 00	H. R. Allen & Co.	5 00
Dr. J. W. Shriver	1 00		
June 22.			
W. Holland	2 00	R. Mitchell	2 00
D. Thorp	5 00	J. Woodsides	2 00
J. L. Lancaster	2 00	W. F. Stone	10 00
Jabez Capps	25 00	Mrs. L. C. Hastings	2 00
F. Fairchild	10 00	D. & H. Bayley	5 00
J. L. Walker	10 00	Miss S. C. Kelley	2 00
G. W. Verrill	1 00	Mrs. H. L. Dodd	2 00
W. Gatewood	2 00	Dr. A. P. Corwin	2 00
J. N. Thompson	31 00	J. & D. Van Laird	4 00
A. Allen	3 00	Miss L. C. Lutz	2 00
M. G. Sage	4 00	D. W. Bannon, Jr.	2 00
June 23.			
D. E. Hance	2 00	N. L. Strong	2 00
D. T. Smith	2 00	A. Hemingway	2 00
J. W. Engleman	2 00	W. J. Tyler	2 00
A. French	2 00	J. N. Massey	5 00
E. A. D. Stoat	2 00	W. Clinton	10 00
Capt. W. H. Hart	2 00	S. Dodge	2 00
A. S. See	2 00	Miss L. A. Haines	2 00
E. G. A. Baker	7 00	Mrs. H. C. Pyle	2 00
R. Young	1 00	D. & D. Short	10 00
J. Magoffin	1 00	S. K. Wistar & Co.	20 00
Dr. A. C. Keith	2 00	N. J. Dowers & Co.	15 00
Louisa Lawson	2 00	S. & H. Dale	2 00
E. B. Minkler	5 00		
June 24.			
Jos. Newbold	2 00	W. F. Hallowell	2 00
R. C. Corwin & Co.	8 00	W. G. Chase	3 00
S. Reed	5 00	J. Miller	6 00
S. Edmiston	2 00	C. Rittle	2 00
Dr. S. Mathers	2 00	Miss L. C. Smith	2 00
T. W. Goodsell	2 00	Mrs. A. E. Davis	2 00
E. Biggs	2 00	H. S. Crane & Co.	15 00
G. W. Heidelbach	10 00	D. P. Rice & Co.	10 00
Dr. J. Hittel	5 00	Mrs. M. L. Doddridge	2 00
J. H. Mitchell	10 00	N. D. & R. Small	2 00
E. Butler	20 00		
June 26.			
W. Ellegood	4 00	A. Robinson	5 00
V. B. Palmer	9 45	B. B. Thorp	17 00
L. A. Mikesh	4 00	J. Kimler	3 00
Miss A. Wilson	2 00	J. G. J. Gittings	2 00
D. W. Badger	2 25	B. A. Butterthwait	20 00
Col. T. J. Gregory	5 00	F. A. Duval	2 00
W. Grimsley	10 00	H. B. Thompson	2 00
D. D. Daniel	5 00	J. Wells	2 00
S. Pilkin	3 00	Mrs. J. C. Jordan	2 00
J. Helm	2 00	Miss A. D. Dodge	2 00
E. Wheeler	2 00	S. T. West & Co.	20 00
F. Wilson	2 00	H. J. Hoyt & Co	10 00
June 27.			
Hon. T. Adams	2 00	N. H. Welsh & Co.	20 00
Mrs. J. R. Crary	6 00	D. T. Durden & Co.	15 00
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T. B. Taliaferro	6 00	C. P. Alcorn & Co.	10 00
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M. Mitchell	2 00	S. & T. Brent	2 00
T. Mott	2 00	Mrs. K. N. Wilson	2 00
Miss C. D. Scott	2 00		

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many of them nearly the size of a full page of the Magazine.

Among the engravings in the July No. the Publisher would particularise—1. Windsor Castle; 2. The Fall of Rydal; 3. Garden Front of Wadham College; 4. The Martyrs Memorial; 5. Portrait of Rev. Dr. Pons, of New York; 6. do. Lamartine; 7. Three different Views of the Virginia Water; 8. Fancy Portrait of Louis Blanc; 9. do. Ledru Rollin; 10. M. Thiers; 11. Odillon Barrot; 12. Specimens of Aboriginal Portraits and Curiosities, copied from a work now publishing under the sanction of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington; 13. An entire Head of Shakspeare.

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10 Copies will be sent to any one address for $8—(being 80 cents per copy.)

18 Copies will be sent to any one address for $14—(being 77 cents and 2-3 per copy,) or,

24 Copies will be sent to any one address for $18—(being exactly 75 cents per copy.)

ADDITIONAL OFFER TO CLUBS.

☞ Clubs of 5 names will receive 6 copies of this book.
Clubs of 10 names, " 13 copies.
Clubs of 18 names, " 24 copies—and,
Clubs of 25 names, " 33 copies!!!

☞ Booksellers or Periodical Agents wishing to form Agencies, are requested to write the Publisher, and the terms will be made known. july 8-1t

ALMANACS! ALMANACS! ALMANACS!—DR. D. JAYNE would hereby inform the public and MERCHANTS AND STORE KEEPERS in particular, that he publishes annually, for gratuitous distribution, by himself and all his Agents, an Almanac, called JAYNE'S MEDICAL ALMANAC AND GUIDE TO HEALTH. The calculations for this Almanac are made with great care and accuracy, and for five different Latitudes and Longitudes, so as to make them equally useful as a Calendar in every part of the United States and British North America. They are printed on good paper, and with handsome new type, and are neatly bound, and besides being the neatest and most accurate Calendar printed in the United States, they contain a large amount of valuable information, suited to the wants of all, and of that kind too, which cannot be found in books. His catalogue of diseases, with remarks and directions for their removal is really invaluable, and make them welcome visitors in every house they enter. Every family should possess at least one of these Annuals. One million of his Almanacs for 1848 have been published and distributed. His Almanac for 1849 is now ready for distribution, of which he designs to publish at least

TWO MILLIONS,

and in order that every family in the United States and British America, may be furnished with a copy, he hereby invites MERCHANTS and STOREKEEPERS to forward their orders to him as early as possible and they shall be supplied GRATUITOUSLY, with as many copies as they may deem necessary to supply their various customers. They are also invited, at the same time, to send a copy of their "BUSINESS CARD," which will be printed and placed on the covers in the Almanacs sent them, also *without charge*.

Orders (post paid) directed to DR. D. JAYNE, Phila'a, will meet with prompt attention. jy 1-3m

WATCHES, JEWELRY, AND SILVER WARE.

THE SUBSCRIBER HAS A VERY SUPERIOR assortment of goods in the above line, to which he would invite the attention of the public. His facilities for procuring his watches, &c., are such as to enable him to retail as low as some of the so called cheap stores pay at wholesale. Instead of buying on time, his practice is to purchase at nett cash, whereby a large discount is saved. The public may be assured that all articles sold by him will prove to be what they are sold for, or they may be returned. The price always being governed by the quality.

Watches
Gold Lever, full jewelled, 18 carat cases, from $35 00 to 100 00
" Lepine " " from 25 00 to 40 00
Silver Levers, " from 17 00 to 35 00
Plain and Lepine, " from 6 00 to 14 00

Jewelry of his own manufacture, of every variety, and fine Gold Pencils from $1 25 to 12.00. Gold Pens from $1 00 upwards. Gold Chains, Bracelets, Pins, Rings, Miniature-frames, &c., of the finest quality and lowest prices.

Silver Ware of every description. The attention of the public is particularly invited to this articles—consisting in part of Spoons, Forks, Ladles, Butter Knives, &c. Teaspoons as low as $4.50 per set. The subscriber takes especial care to have all his Silver Ware made exclusively of standard silver. Cake Baskets, Castors, Britania Ware, &c., of the latest patterns and finest finish. S. M. HOPPER,
No. 66 Chesnut street, between Second and Third, (south side) Phila.
june 3-1y

ROGERS' COACH FACTORY,
N. E. Corner Sixth and Brown Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

WHERE CARRIAGES of every description are built to order and for sale, which for *Style, Durability* and elegance of *Finish* can not be surpassed by any in the *country*. Workmen of celebrity are engaged and the best materials used.

Southern and Western Merchants will find it to their advantage to call at this establishment, as the proprietor is a Practical Coach Maker, and having worked in the best shops in this and in other countries, flatters himself that the tastes of all persons can be suited, the work being executed under his immediate inspection. Orders from any part of the country promptly attended to. ap 29-1y

N. B.—Omnibuses run from the exchange past the factory every few minutes. WM. D. ROGERS.

THE WAY TO EARN A FARM.
A GREAT CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.—AGENTS WANTED in every County in the United States. A number of Agents, well recommended for *honesty, business tact and integrity*, may hear of inducements of NO ORDINARY KIND, by addressing the subscribers, POSTAGE PAID. A small capital of from $25 to $100, will be necessary to make a commencement. For particulars, address, postage paid, G. B. ZIEBER & Co., Philadelphia.

No LETTERS ATTENDED TO UNLESS THE POSTAGE IS PAID. ap 1-1y

OAKFORD'S GREAT HAT, CAP AND FUR ESTABLISHMENT.
No. 104 CHESNUT STREET,
Between THIRD and FOURTH Streets,
PHILADELPHIA.

THE Advertiser has constantly on hand and manufacturing, every description of HATS AND CAPS, of the latest and most approved fashions, consisting of

YOUTHS' HATS AND CAPS,

In great variety, among which is a new article for *Spring and Summer wear.*

PLAIN HATS FOR FRIENDS.

Made in the best manner and for superiority of finish and material, have never been surpassed.

THE SPRING FASHIONS

For Gentlemen's and Youth's Hats, are just out; also a new style of Lady's Riding Caps, to which the attention of purchasers is requested, assuring them that his prices are such as will please all who may favor him with a visit, being as low as are offered at any Establishment in the country. CHAS. OAKFORD,
No. 104 CHESNUT STREET, between Third and Fourth Streets, PHILADELPHIA. mar 4-tf

NEW PROSPECTUS.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

TRULY A MAMMOTH SHEET.

REDUCED PRICES TO CLUBS.

The Proprietors of the SATURDAY EVENING POST, satisfied from the experience of the last two years that it is the "manifest destiny" of their paper, to take its stand at the very head of the weekly press, have resolved to make the Post more worthy than ever of its high position. They accordingly now have the pleasure of calling the attention of the public to the fact, that the POST has been

GREATLY ENLARGED.

This enlargement enables them to lay the equivalent of eight more columns of reading, before their subscribers weekly—being in fact an addition of one-fourth to the old area of the paper.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED ARTICLES.

Its Original Tales, Sketches, Essays, &c., shall be of the highest character. The faults of no article can be overlooked, from a foolish respect for its originality.

Its Selected Articles will be procured from first sources; and the readers of the POST may depend upon finding in its pages the best Tales, Essays, &c., that appear either in the foreign or domestic magazines. Thus laying the whole English and American world under contribution.

ENGRAVINGS.

Engravings of various kinds, in *moderation*, also shall not be forgotten. But the POST shall never be allowed to degenerate into a mere show bill, to be looked at for a moment, and then tossed to the children to play with.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Our Original Contributors are the *AUTHORS OF AMERICA*. We always hold ourselves ready to purchase articles offered to us, at a price proportioned to their merits. But authors whose writings are of a ridiculously exaggerated and immoral character, may save themselves and us the trouble of sending them for examination. The Post is a family paper—*and no article not calculated to enter the family circle can be admitted into its columns.*

OUR TERMS.

The terms of the enlarged POST to single subscribers will remain the same, viz.: $2.00 per annum, in advance; $3.00, if not paid in advance. For $5.00 in advance, one copy will be sent 4 years.

REDUCED TERMS TO CLUBS.

In order to accommodate that large number of persons who wish to take a first class paper, but mistakingly think they cannot afford it, we have concluded *to reduce our terms to clubs*, sent to one address, as follows:

4 COPIES,	. . . .	$5.00	PER ANNUM.
8 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club)	$10.00	"
13 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club)	$15.00	"
20 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club)	$20.00	"

THREE COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and ONE of either Graham's Magazine or Godey's Lady's Book for SIX DOLLARS.

FIVE COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and TWO of either Graham's Magazine or Godey's Lady's Book for TEN DOLLARS.

THREE COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and TWO of the Ladies Garland for FIVE DOLLARS.

SIX COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and FOUR of the Ladies' Garland for TEN DOLLARS.

TWO COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post, and TWO of the Fountain, (containing 256 pages of original letter press, and 8 of Sartain's best Magazine engravings,) for FOUR DOLLARS.

A PREMIUM OFFER.

The premium offer made in the last Prospectus of the old firm, will be adhered to and continued. The offer is as follows:

The Post Office of any town in the Union, from which we shall receive the greatest number of subscribers to the Saturday Evening Post, during the year between the 1st of November, 1847, and the 1st of November, 1848, (the papers to be mailed to such Post Office, or to subscribers through it,) shall be entitled to a continuance of the whole number of the subscriptions *gratuitously*, for one year after the expiration of the year for which their subscriptions shall have been paid.

The papers will be continued on, either to the subscribers themselves or to the agents through whom we may receive the orders for quantities, and to whom the package or packages may be directed, or to both, if there should be both in the same town, as the case may be.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

The Money for Clubs must be always sent in advance. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk—(When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible. The cost of which may be deducted from the amount.) Address

DEACON & PETERSON, 66 CHESNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

☞ Editors copying the above, or a fair abstract of it, or who will give a notice of the new firm and enlarged paper (we ask not that they shall be *praised*, but be *noticed*) in their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange. Such as are already entitled to an exchange for the current year, shall receive the thanks of the new firm.

GENERAL TAYLOR.—Just published by SARTAIN & SLOANAKER, a splendid full length Mezzotint Likeness of General Taylor.

The Philadelphia North American speaking of the portrait, says—"We think there has at last been published a likeness of Gen. Taylor which gives us a true idea of the gallant soldier. Wm. Sloanaker procured from New Orleans a fine daguerreotype, and John Sartain has engraved it in his finest style. It will be a valuable addition to the portrait gallery of every family, and as the name of old 'Rough and Ready' will live to all time in our country's annals, a copy of this picture should grace every parlor."

The Philadelphia Inquirer remarks—"The veteran is represented as leaning upon his celebrated war-horse, 'Old Whitey,' and the print throughout is one of the most spirited and graphic that we have ever seen. The engraving is in Sartain's best style. As a parlor ornament, the print is strikingly attractive."

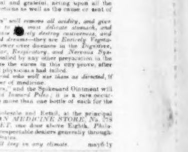
Price for single copies $3.00. A liberal deduction to clubs, associations and the trade when ordered in large numbers. Persons subscribing prior to the 1st of July, will be supplied with proof impressions.

☞ Persons remitting $5, by mail, postage paid, will be entitled to two copies, or for ten dollars four copies. It can be sent by mail without injury when no private opportunity offers.

Address, WM. SLOANAKER,
june 17-tf No. 98 Chesnut street.

IMPORTANT.—Nothing adds more to personal beauty than a luxuriant head of hair. Yet how often do we see persons neglect this glorious appendage of the "human face divine," and permit their hair, from sickness or other slight cause, to fall off or lose its vigor; when, by using JULES HAUEL'S EAU LUSTRAL HAIR RESTORATIVE, it might be restored to health and beauty. JULES HAUEL,
120 Chesnut street.

GETTING OLD.—This is often said of those who are really much younger than they appear. Persons having very dark hair are apt to get grey while quite young. How often do we see a fine head of hair streaked with white. The use of JULES HAUEL'S VEGETABLE LIQUID HAIR DYE would obviate this. It is indelible, and is not affected by the action of water, heat, or perspiration, and the most intimate friend would not be aware that a dye had been used.
JULES HAUEL,
ap 15-1y 120 Chesnut street.



"O TEMPORA! O MORES!"—CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC.—The only genuine "Dr. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY," has the written signature of the General Agent, W. M. SPEAR, on the outside wrapper surrounding each bottle; this is believed to be the only article, bearing the above title, as emanating from the Doctor. The virtues of the Wild Cherry, for relieving affections of the Lungs, and that all-important organ, the Liver, has long enjoyed the confidence of domestic practice.

City of Philadelphia, ss.—William M. Spear, of the city of Philadelphia, being duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is in the possession of the original recipe for preparing a Balsam of Wild Cherry for affections of the Lungs, which was given to him by Dr. Wistar, a regularly educated Physician, and that he believes it to be the only one in possession of any person except the said Dr. Wistar himself.
W. M. SPEAR.

Sworn and subscribed before me, and city seal affixed, on the 1st day of November, A. D., 1847.
[L. S.] JOHN SWIFT, Mayor.

A copyright of the Balsam is secured.

Absurd as it may appear in the face of the above undeniable proof, an individual from Boston, Massachusetts, recently applied to the United States District Court of Pennsylvania for an injunction on the general Agent for the United States and the British Provinces, to prevent said Agent from selling the only genuine Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, (said individual claiming the right.) Of course the Hon. Judge of said Court promptly refused it.

The Balsam is not one of the quack nostrums of the day, claiming to cure persons whose cases are beyond the reach of medicine; for restoring others to life; it only claims, and has proved in thousands of cases, to be the first, most efficacious, and only genuine preparation of Wild Cherry of the nineteenth century, for affections of the Lungs, Liver and Kidneys, frequently terminating in Consumption, ever offered to the public.

A liberal discount to Druggists and Country Dealers.

Look well to the marks of the genuine.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

I have this day appointed T. W. DYOTT & SONS, No. 132 North Second St., Philadelphia, Wholesale Furnishing Agents, for the only genuine DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, for the following States, viz: New York, New England States, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia.

Also, for the interior of Pennsylvania. All orders for the Balsam will hereafter be addressed to them.

Also for sale, wholesale and retail, by WILLIAM M. SPEAR, No. 146 VINE Street, below Fifth, Philadelphia. General Agent for the United States and the British Provinces, for the only genuine Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.
WM. M. SPEAR.

Philadelphia, March 27th, 1848.

AGENTS.

CUTHBERT & WETHERILL, 76 South Second Street.
WETHERILL & BROTHERS, S. E. corner of Front and Arch Streets.
G. B. ZIEBER & CO., 3 Ledger Building.
J. & W. PENFOLD & CO., New York.
A. McCLURE & CO. }
DR. HERRICK & CO. } Albany, N. Y.
JNO. F. PRESCOTT, Troy, N. Y.
CHAS. DYER, Jr., Providence, R. I.
REDDING & CO. }
MRS. E. KIDDER, } Boston, Mass.
JAMES GREEN, }
D. SCOTT, Jr. & CO., } Worcester, Mass.
H. & J. BREWER, Springfield, Mass.
G. W. WELCH & CO., Hartford, Ct.
J. GISH & CO., Lancaster, Pa.
DR. A. H. BARNITZ, York, Pa.
REYNOLDS & CO., Leckaville, N. C.
JNO. L. KIDWELL, Georgetown, D. C.
ALEX. DUVAL, Richmond, Va.

Price $1 per bottle—six bottles for $5. ap 22-1y

ROBERT JOHNSTON'S
STOCK, BANK NOTE EXCHANGE, AND COLLECTION OFFICE,
No. 24 SOUTH THIRD STREET,
Opposite to Congress Hall Hotel, Philadelphia.

WHERE the different branches of Bank Note, Stock and Collection Business, will be conducted on the most liberal terms. mar 11-6m

Uncurrent Bank Notes bought and sold.

Drafts, Notes and Bills, on the various sections of the United States, collected with despatch.

Every description of Stocks, Loans, &c. &c., bought and sold on Commission, at the Board of Brokers.

T. B. PETERSON'S GREAT CHEAP BOOK, MAGAZINE, NEWSPAPER, PERIODICAL and PUBLISHING ESTABLISHMENT is at NO. 98 CHESNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, at which place any of the Magazines or Cheap Publications printed can always be obtained, or subscribed for. Particular attention paid to filling all orders either for the country trade.

LIVER COMPLAINT.—The symptoms are uneasiness and pain in the right side, and soreness upon touch immediately under the inferior ribs, inability to lie upon the left side, or, if at all, then a dragging sensation is produced which seriously affects respiration, causing very often a troublesome cough; together with these symptoms, we perceive a coated tongue, acidity of the stomach, deficiency of perspiration, and sometimes a sympathetic pain in the right shoulder, with great drowsiness and depression of spirits, and sometimes sores in the mouth and throat, and very frequently Jaundice and Dropsy. The symptoms, if permitted to continue, will eventually produce that most baneful disease CONSUMPTION,—in fact, a majority of such cases originate from the irritating cause before mentioned. Cathartic medicines must in every case be avoided in the treatment.

JAUNDICE is a disease of which the principal symptom is *yellowness of the skin and eyes*, with high colored urine, and clay colored stools. It arises from various causes; anything which obstructs the bile in its course so that it is taken into the blood, produces the yellowness of surface, in ordinary cases one or two bottles will effectually remove it, and make the skin clear and healthy; at this season such medicine is invaluable, it removes the cause of all fevers, and the danger of contracting the diseases of Summer and Autumn.

THE YELLOW FEVER of warm climates is only a variety of "Jaundice" depending upon irritation of the Gastro-intestinal surface; by the frequent use of these Bitters that disease can always be prevented.

DYSPEPSIA. The symptoms are very various—those affecting the stomach alone are *nausea, heart burn, loss of appetite, sense of fullness or weight in the stomach, sinking or fluttering in the pit of the stomach, sour eructations, sudden flushes of heat, frightful dreams, cold feet, pains in the limbs, through the chest, &c.* The sympathetic affections are very diversified.

NERVOUS DEBILITY. It generally accompanies Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia. The symptoms are *fluttering at the heart, a choking or suffocating sensation when in a lying posture, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, constant imaginings of evil, and great depression of spirits.*

All of the above diseases can be effectually cured, as well as ASTHMA, DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS, FLATULENCE OR PULMONARY DISEASES arising from the Stomach or Liver, by DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S CELEBRATED GERMAN BITTERS.

They are free from Acids, Quinine, Aloes, Mercury, and all Alcoholic stimulant, all of which are mere palliatives in the above diseases. The success and all the advantage to be derived from the administration of internal medicine depend upon the stomach.

The functions of the stomach are of the utmost importance to every one, it constituting the source and fountain of life, which is nutrition. No organ possesses such remarkable sympathies, none such remarkable power in modifying every part of the system.

The rare success in treating diseases of the Liver, Stomach, &c., successfully, has not been a want of pathological knowledge of their functions, but the preparation of suitable Vegetable Compounds, so as to obtain not only their whole power, but as they would be most effectual and grateful, acting upon all the sympathetic affections as well as the cause or seat of the disease.

These "Bitters" *will remove all acidity, and give tone and action to the most delicate stomach, and will in every case entirely destroy costiveness, and prevent frightful dreams*—they are *Entirely Vegetable*, and their power over diseases in the *Digestive, Biliary, Vascular, Respiratory, and Nervous Systems*, is not equalled by any other preparation in the United States, as the cures in this city prove, after the most skilful physicians had failed.

All can be cured who will use them as directed, if within the power of medicine.

These "Bitters," and the Spikenard Ointment will cure any case of *Inward Piles*; it is a rare occurrence to require more than one bottle of each for the worst cases.

For sale, Wholesale and Retail, at the principal depot, *GERMAN MEDICINE STORE, No. 278 RACE STREET*, one door above Eighth, Philadelphia, and by respectable dealers generally throughout the United States.

☞ *They will keep in any climate.* may6-1y

OLD FRANKLIN HALL.—We know of no better way of benefitting our numerous subscribers than by calling their attention to the CHEAP and mammoth stock of CLOTHING at No. 109 Chesnut street corner of Franklin Place. This very large stock consists of every style and quality, while the prices are far below those of any other store in the city. Their motto is quick sales and small profits. By this means they have outstripped all others in the quantity of Clothing they have sold, if you wish to purchase Clothing good and cheap, do not neglect calling at
ROCKHILL & WILSON'S
No. 109 Chesnut St., corner of Franklin Place.

N. B. Country merchants and strangers visiting the city will please call and examine. ap 29-1y

CHARLES CAMBLOS'
STOCK AND EXCHANGE OFFICE,
No. 22 SOUTH THIRD STREET,
Opposite Congress Hall, Philadelphia.

BANK NOTES BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Drafts on New York, Boston, Baltimore, Charleston, &c. mar 11-1y

Collections made throughout the United States, on the most reasonable terms. ☞ Stocks Bought and Sold on Commission at the Board of Brokers.

THE CHEAP BOOKSTORE.

DANIELS & SMITH, *Corner of Fourth and Arch Sts., Philada.*, keep constantly for sale one of the most extensive assortments of *useful Books* in the city, and they buy most of their stock at auction. They sell a great number of Books at *Half Price*, and *all below the "Regular Prices."* Our stock is composed of Old and New Books in Theology, (which department receives particular attention and embraces many rare works,) History, Biography, Philosophy, Chemistry, Natural Science, Poetry, Polite Literature, the Fine Arts, Travel, Political Science, Law, Medicine, Mathematics, (with Instruments,) &c., &c., &c., including Greek, Latin, Hebrew, French, German, Spanish and Italian Books, together with a very complete assortment of SCHOOL BOOKS AND STATIONARY at prices which never fail to give satisfaction to

TEACHERS AND COUNTRY MERCHANTS.

Small Profits and Cash Sales is our motto. ja 11-1y

☞ Second hand Books bought and exchanged.

☞ Books imported to order from London and Paris.

☞ PLEASE TO READ THIS.

A GOOD CHANCE TO CLEAR FROM $500 TO $1000 A YEAR.

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY TOWN AND COUNTY THROUGHOUT THE UNION, to procure Subscribers to "SEARS' PICTORIAL AND ILLUSTRATED FAMILY MAGAZINE," and to sell SEARS' NEW AND POPULAR PICTORIAL WORKS, universally acknowledged to be the BEST and CHEAPEST EVER PUBLISHED, as they certainly are the most saleable. Any active agent may clear $500 or $1000 a-year. A cash capital of at least $25 or $50 will be necessary. Full particulars of the principles and profits of the Agency will be given on application, either personally or by letter. The postage must in all cases be paid. Please to address,
ROBERT SEARS, Publisher,
No. 128 Nassau street, New York.

☞ Specimen copies of the PICTORIAL MAGAZINE, to procure subscribers with, will be furnished to all who wish to engage in its circulation, if requested, (post-paid,) at the rate of Ten Nos. for One Dollar. Two Cents for single copies. [illegible]

REMOVAL.
E. G. A. BAKER, MANUFACTURER OF JEWELLERY,

HAS Removed from No. 7 Cherry Street, to No. 99 NORTH FOURTH, corner of Branch Street, where dealers in Jewellery will find constantly on hand and manufacturing a general assortment of Jewellery, which will be sold on the most reasonable terms. [illegible]

THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST may be obtained, weekly, at REDDING & CO'S Periodical Depot, No. 8 STATE STREET, BOSTON. W. H. GRAHAM, Tribune Office, NEW YORK. MILTON BOULEMET, MOBILE, ALA.

Selected Poetry.

BROTHERS! WE ARE MEN!

BY JAMES HENDERSON.

We are men—made in the image
Of the mighty One
Who hath crowned the earth with beauty,
'Neath the golden sun;
Children of a common Father,
Whose prevailing love
Is unbounded as the day-beams
Shining from above
Highest rank in God's creation
Is our station, then;
Form divine is on our features;
Rulers o'er all meaner creatures—
Brothers! we are men!

In our souls the lamp of reason
Streams with hallowed light;
Intellectual glories round us
Shed their radiance bright.
Thus enshrined in our being,
'Tis the will of Heaven
That we still go on improving
Gifts which He hath given;
Filling up our brief existence—
Threescore years and ten,
Loving virtue as a mother,
Doing good to one another—
Brothers! we are men!

We are men; but oh how often
Are our gifts disowned,
And the dignity of manhood
Blindly sacrificed!
Oft is mercy's fountain frozen
In the human breast;
Millions sink beneath the tyrant,
Tearful and oppressed.
Cries of sorrow loudly echo
Over hill and glen;
Hapless thousands wildly grieving,
No kind hand their wrongs relieving—
Brothers! we are men!

Love's the lesson wisdom teaches,
Gentle are her words,
Sweeter than the brooklet's murmurs
And the song of birds.
As we all are fellow-pilgrims
To a brighter sphere,
Why should strife attend the moments
Of our sojourn here?
For a higher purpose truly
Were we fashioned, when
Deity in fairest traces
Crowned our souls with heavenly graces—
Brothers! we are men!

Why should idle passions cheat us
Of our purest joy?
Why should pride the best emotions
Of the breast destroy?
In the heart, affection's fountain,
Sweetly welling up,
Seeks to mingle priceless blessings
Ever in life's cup.
Let its waters flow and mingle
Far as human ken,
Till with love's serene devotion
Earth be covered as the ocean—
Brothers! we are men!

A Leaf from History

FROM THE UNION MAGAZINE.

THE DUEL.

A PASSAGE FROM HISTORY

BY MRS. C. H. BUTLER.

How many anecdotes rife of the humor of "Old Put," (General Putnam) the page of history has transmitted to those for whose freedom he fought with such lion power and single-hearted purpose!

Linked with many incidents in his heroic life, and traits marking the cool self-possession—the quiet humor, and love of the ludicrous, which seem to have been inherent with his courageous daring. Could any one have looked into the breast of the brave old soldier as he galloped so fearlessly down the dangerous pass at Horse Neck, snapping his fingers at the discomfited foe—ten to one it would be found his sense of the ludicrous at the moment overcame all other emotions, and that a quiet smile at his Gilpin descent even then flashed over his warrior visage! Just so in many other instances, doubtless already well known to the readers of the "Union."

Although but a young man when he first took up arms under General Lyman, at the breaking out of the old French war, and in which for ten years he served with undaunted bravery, encountering scenes with ruthless savages which might well appal the stoutest heart—rapidly rising to fame and honor—winning laurels to his brow, and the love and respect of his brave compatriots, and then after a few brief years spent in the peaceful pursuits of agriculture, again girding on the sword and rushing to the field in defence of his country, he still held fast to one noble trait of character, through all ossifying scenes of blood and carnage in which so large a portion of his valuable and eventful life was passed, and for which alone his name, under the circumstances in which he was often placed, deserves Fame's chaplet. *I allude to his abhorrence of duelling!*

This legalized system of murder—this refined process of despatching one's friends to the other world, he regarded with the most perfect detestation, nor, I believe, in any one instance, did he ever sanction or conform to this mis-named *code of honor*. If he ever accepted a challenge, it seemed for the purpose of keeping contempt and ridicule both upon the challenger and the unrighteous practice. No one for a moment dared impugn his courage, and therefore the cool contempt he manifested was probably more cutting to the challenger than the keenest sabre—more galling than a brace of bullets!

It was during the campaign of 1779. Washington had established his head-quarters at West Point, while General Putnam was stationed with several bodies of troops at Buttermilk Falls, about two miles below. At this period, the fortifications at West Point were constructed under the supervision of Putnam, and to one of the forts the gallant hero also gave his name. It is now but a ruin, yet, thank Heaven, he has built himself a monument in the hearts of his countrymen, which shall endure as long as the mountains in which those stirring scenes were enacted!

It chanced, one day, General Putnam made some remark within hearing of an English officer, then a prisoner on parole, in which he reflected somewhat severely upon the character of the British. The officer received the remark as a personal insult, and immediately sent the General a challenge.

Fatigued with his arduous duties, Putnam had retired to his quarters. Removing by plentiful ablutions the dust and heat of a day's toil, amid the fastnesses of West Point, and after partaking of such simple refreshment as the times afforded, he had just seated himself at the door of his tent, and baring his brow to the cool, delicious breeze sweeping up from the river, was invigorating his weary frame with the luxury of a pipe. At this moment the challenge of the English officer was handed him. Putnam glanced his keen eye over the missive, and impatiently throwing it down, exclaimed:

"Challenged, by ——! Challenged, eh!—why the fellow is a greater fool than I took him to be—well, well, I'll humor the puppy!"

Then coolly finishing his pipe, he called for pen and ink—accepted the challenge—appointed the place of meeting—time, an early hour the following morning. After despatching a messenger to the quarters of the Englishman, he strolled around the barracks, inspecting the garrison stores, &c.—Among these were several barrels or casks, filled with onions, at sight of which a new idea appeared to strike the humorous General. He immediately ordered one of these to be transported to an adjoining field, and placed in a particular spot which he pointed out the subalterns.

It was at an early hour of a glorious day, in the beautiful month of October, that the British officer took his way over the fields, on his murderous errand. The dew lay thick and heavy on the short grass, spangling the bright autumn flowers; and the gay foliage of the forest trees already assuming their Tyrian robes, while from every branch, from hedge-row and thicket, the birds sent up their cheerful songs. Far down below, calm and silvery, threaded the waters of the Hudson, and the mountain peaks echoed with the notes of the bugle and the "spirit-stirring drum" beating the reveille. But the Englishman had no heart for the glorious scene—revenge sat at its core, and to him the blood of his foe would be sweeter than the breath of morning.

As he drew near the place of meeting, he perceived his antagonist already on the ground; and certainly, for one whose moments were perhaps already numbered, he seemed to be taking it very easy. Seated on a low camp-stool, beneath the wide spreading branches of a large sycamore, was "Old Put." One elbow resting on the top of a barrel—his legs carelessly stretched out, and with half-closed eyes, composedly enjoying his favorite pipe. The officer advanced somewhat hastily, amazed at the indifference of one whose life hung on the cast of a bullet. Not until within a few feet of Putnam did the latter take the least notice of him, and then merely with a slight inclination of the head, motioning him to take the seat on the opposite side of the barrel. In the head of the barrel there was a small opening, in which a match had been inserted; and no sooner was the officer seated, than Putnam proceeded to ignite it with his pipe, coolly remarking as he did so—

"You see there is the same chance for both of us!" resumed his smoking.

The Englishman was horrified. He could face danger on the battle-field—he could, without shrinking, bare his breast to the bullet of the duellist—but to be *blown up*—annihilated at once—to dance in "thin air," by so unheard like and terrible a mode of warfare, was more than his courage could dare. Like Bob Acres, he felt it rapidly oozing out at his finger ends—yet honor forbade retreat. According to the duellist's code, he must abide by the decision of Putnam, who had his choice of weapons, and, good heavens, what had the daring, reckless Yankee chosen—*a barrel of gunpowder!*—for such was evidently the contents of the cask; and with feelings indescribable, he watched the slow ignition of the match, and the gradual down-creeping of that flame, which in a few moments would probably send him to eternity!

As the fire reached the opening, there was a fizzing, crackling sound—a slight explosion, accompanied by a strange odor. Brave as he was, the officer could endure no more.

"By ——! I'll not be murdered in this manner!" he exclaimed, precipitately rising to make good his retreat.

"Ho! ha! brave sir," shouted Putnam, coolly knocking the ashes from his pipe; "you are just the man I took you for—this is but a barrel of onions you mistake for powder, with a few grains scattered on top to try you by—*but I see you don't like the smell!*"

Some twenty years since, there resided in the pretty little village of Peekskill an aged couple, who used to relate this anecdote with great apparent satisfaction—the good man especially was always unusually elevated at such recitals, while his dame would laugh merrily, and as she tapped her well-worn snuff-box, slyly cry:

"Ah! ha! John—man—if it had not been for them onions, the mercy knows, you might have lost a good wife!"

Among the soldiers of the Pennsylvania corps, attached to General Putnam's division, it seems was this same John D———, a worthy man and a brave soldier. While stationed at Buttermilk Falls, it was his good luck to rescue the pretty daughter of a worthy woman, residing in the neighborhood, from the insults of a party of marauders. She had gone to a distant field to drive home her cow, and while leisurely pursuing her way with old Brindle, suddenly encountered a gang of reckless soldiery. Their aim was probably only to frighten her a little, which they did so effectually, that her screams rent the air and reached the ears of the brave John D———, who happened to be passing near. Hastening to the spot, and seeing an unprotected female struggling to free herself from the arms of a rough soldier, he rushed in, dealing blows heavy and fast to the right and left. A boisterous shout of mirth greeted his prowess, while the fellow who still held the almost fainting damsel exclaimed:

"*Dang* me, you needn't hit so hard. Here is your gal, blast me, if I want her—a squeamish, squalling vixen!" And with another laugh, the party wheeled off, leaving pretty Patty in the arms of her gallant champion.

From that moment a tender affection sprung up between the soldier and the rustic maiden—a fact which greatly pleased the old lady; and it was agreed, that as soon as the wars were over, John and Patty should be made one, and settle quietly down on the widow's little farm.

Alas! that an epaulette should outweigh the honest professions of John!

Patty was a fine, buxom lass, very pretty, and, withal, something of a coquette, and chanced, unluckily for her lover, to attract the notice of the gallant Captain ———, of His Majesty's service, but now a prisoner on parole at West Point.

To relieve probably the tedium of so inglorious a life, the Captain began making love to pretty Patty, and the poor girl, I am sorry to say, was completely dazzled by the admiration of the great English officer. His flattery fascinated and bewildered her imagination. To fresh blown roses, or the sunny side of a downy peach, he compared her ruddy cheeks—her eyes he likened to the stars of heaven, or the diamond studs in his shirt bosom—her lips were as coral, as red-ripe cherries, as the scarlet flowering bean—her teeth were pearls, and her light flaxen hair he compared to sunbeams, quivering through the tendrils of the wild grape. Albeit, these last were *green*—what matter—flattery so frequently blinds to absurdity, and others, with more knowledge of the world than poor Patty, have been greener than grape vines in laying the flatter's "unction to their souls."

How the simple language of honest John D——— palled before the high flown tirade of the gallant captain! Fine words—"marvellous fine words" to Patty!

This sudden change in her conduct perplexed poor John sadly—tossing her pretty head, and giving herself so many new airs, as she did! Her mother was not less puzzled, and being a firm believer in witchcraft, the good woman was fully persuaded that old Molly White, who lived at the crossing of the four roads, had certainly bewitched her daughter. To counteract, therefore, the hagish influence, she hung horse shoes around the door—placed three hairs from a black cat's back crosswise up the chimney—and bathed the sleeping brow of Patty in dew gathered by moonlight from the poppy's cup—but all would not do—the witch only seemed to gain faster hold of poor Patty.

No man was ever more beloved than General Putnam by his soldiery; not one but would have held his heart's blood cheap in defence of his commander, and of these John D——— ranked as warm as the rest. Now it happened that John heard the remark of his General, which gave so much offence to the British officer, and was also aware that a challenge had been sent, and, as he doubted not, accepted. Unknown to his commander, he had stealthily followed "Old Put" to the duelling ground, and concealing himself behind the thick foliage of a tree, narrowly watched the proceedings, resolving, that if the officer had the temerity even to aim at his honored master, he would himself blow the fellow's brains out! As the rich scene developed itself, honest John could scarce restrain his glee, and nothing but the dread of his General's displeasure stifled the hearty "ho! ho! ho!" of the zealous spy. He stole softly away from the scene, and related the whole affair to the good dame and the infatuated Patty, the latter recognized at once her gallant admirer in the discomfited captain. She was not proof against the ridicule now attached to his name; and the spell of witchcraft which neither "poppy nor mandragora" could subdue, yielded at once to the *scent of an onion cask!*

Patty returned to her allegiance, and, in due time, was married to her faithful John. Covered with honorable scars, the brave fellow lived to a good old age, surrounded by children and grandchildren, on the shady banks of the Hudson.

☞ Dr. Caldwell, in addressing a class of medical students at the West, said:—"But screw your courage down to the starting point, and you cannot fail. Be determined, and like the soldier going into battle, let every one resolve to kill his man."

Wit and Humor.

Three Poets in a Puzzle.—I led the horse to the stable, when a fresh perplexity arose. I removed the harness without difficulty, but, after many strenuous attempts, I could not remove the collar. In despair, I called for assistance, when aid soon drew near. Mr. Wordsworth brought his ingenuity into exercise, but, after several unsuccessful efforts, he relinquished the achievement, as a thing altogether impracticable. Mr. Coleridge now tried his hand, but showed no more grooming skill than his predecessors; for after twisting the poor horse's neck almost to strangulation, and the great danger of his eyes, he gave up the useless task, pronouncing that the horse's head must have grown (by gout or dropsy) since the collar was put on; "for," he said, "it was a down-right impossibility for such a huge *os frontis* to pass through so narrow a collar!" Just at this instant a servant girl came near, and understanding the cause of our consternation, "La, master," said she, "you don't go about the work in the right way. You should do like this," when, turning the collar completely upside down, she slipped it off in a moment, to our great humiliation and wonderment; each satisfied afresh that there were heights of knowledge in the world to which we had not yet attained.—*Cottle's Life of Coleridge.*

Interesting Recreation.—In a certain town of "Down East," some forty years since, there lived a singular family by the name of W———. The father and sons were at that time an intemperate, profane, and fighting set of fellows; and the females of the family, though the mother was a church member, were not slow at scratching and pulling hair! Their manners, as a natural consequence, were, to their best friends, coarse, boisterous and vulgar.

On a certain Sabbath in hot weather, while people were passing directly by the house on their way to church, two friends of the family, male and female, from an adjoining town, rode up to the house, each seated upon a saddled horse. As they were dismounting, Mrs. W., in great apparent surprise and ecstacy at the unexpected call, rushed out of the house, and up to her female friend, with hands uplifted, and well filled lungs, exclaiming:

"*Why you 'tarnal critter you! you infernal vamp! You come so unexpectedly I'm a good mind to take my fist and knock you right down!*"

Impudence.—A few days since an Irish beggar addressed a respectable inhabitant of Taunton, as follows:—

"Good morning, yer honor, and is it yourself that will plase to be kind enough to give me a cent?"

The reply of the person appealed to was that he hadn't one.

"And is it yer ownself," asked the Irishman, "that would be kind enough *to go and ask* that gentleman for one for me?"

Finding that it was not himself who would do anything of the sort, Paddy walked off.

The Uncorruptible Judge.—During the time that Sir Thomas Moore was Lord Chancellor of England, a gentleman, who had a suit pending before him sent him a present of two silver flagons. The Chancellor immediately gave orders to his servants to fill them with the best wine in his cellar, and carry them back to the gentleman, and tell him that it gave him much pleasure to have an opportunity of obliging him, and that when the flasks were empty he should be welcomed to have them filled again.

☞ "Where does the sun set?" "He sets in the West, sir." "What does he set in the West for?" "To hatch out another day."

☞ "Why is Louis Philippe's nose like the loss of his French estates?" Because it is a large *fore-feature*, (forfeiture.)

Amusing Sketch.

"CHILDREN HALF PRICE."

One of the most difficult questions that bothered our boyhood, and, we suppose, a majority of our readers were similarly embarrassed, was as to the exact meaning and limitation of the phrase, "Children Half Price." When our boyish fancy was inflamed to a fever heat, by a glance at the attractive circus bill, filled with delightfully exciting pictures of intrepid equestrians, standing on the big toe of one foot, on the apex of the hind quarter of a milk white or beautifully spotted courser, or of broad-mouthed clowns hitching up their heels into double-bow knots, or of ground and lofty tumblers making rings of themselves, turning double summersets and reversing the order of nature by walking on their hands—when all these delightful and attractive pictures used to catch our young eyes, and inflame our curiosity and imagination, we were destined to experience a melancholy collapse, by reading at the bottom of those showy placards those cabalistic and ambiguous but momentous words—"*Children Half Price.*" What was the meaning of those words? This was a puzzling and perplexing question. Did they refer to the size of the age, the dress or the bearing of applicants for admission—was the word "children" used in its generic sense, as to denote all who were possessed of childish qualities, or in its specific sense, denoting those members of the human family whose *years* were few, not those whose *ears* were long? Did it include those who, though children in years, were men in spirit, and *vice versa*? These have proved puzzling questions to all youths.

But the difficulty is still greater when the term is applied to young ladies. So it appeared in a case which was lately tried before Justice Bright, of this city. A lady keeping a boarding house had in the advertisement of her terms, this common but enigmatical phrase, "Children Half Price." A gay widower who having his eye on a "second wonter" was desirous of keeping up by every device in his power the pleasant delusion of "middle agedness," had a daughter not far from "sweet sixteen," whom he placed at the boarding-house where "children were entertained at half price." After the young lady had been at the boarding-house for some time, the widower asked for his bill, when lo! and behold! imagine his surprise to find his little duck, his mere little tiddy-diddy of a daughter, put down at the full price of adult boarders. He was shocked, horrified, indignant and stupified at this extraordinary proceeding. Going immediately to his looking-glass, and seizing his brush and arranging his hair and whiskers, he apostrophized himself thus: "Me, the father of a young lady—of a grown up female—of a marriageable, full-sized, full-appetited, first-tabled, full-bustled juvenile woman! It is preposterous! an imposition? I'll stand a suit before I'll pay it!"

The ambitious widower was as good as his word. He stood a suit, denying *in toto* the plaintiff's claim. Learned lawyers were employed on both sides, and the question came up before Justice Bright, a magistrate noted for his strong, sensible, practical views of matters. What constituted a young lady?—and what was the meaning of the phrase, "children half price" were the points at issue.

To determine the first question, a gallant and accomplished young friend of ours, a relation of one of the most exalted characters in our nation, was called on to give his testimony, and a most searching examination did he stand with inflexible composure. The following were some of the questions put to him, and his answers:

Do you know the defendant's daughter, Miss Angelina Ann?

Ans.—I have that honor.

What is she?

Ans.—A young lady.

What do you mean by a young lady?

Ans.—A respectable youthful female.

Do you consider her a child?

Ans.—No.

The plaintiff here very complacently closed his case; and the defendant commenced his cross-examination.

What do you mean by a child?

Ans.—A young female human being.

What constitutes the distinction between a young lady and a young female human being?

Ans.—Why, a young female human being wears pinafores, long frocks, check aprons, eats large quantities of bread and butter, giggles at boys, hugs wax dolls, and plays "puss in the corner," and "chickemy, chickemy, craney crow"—whilst a young lady carries her hair done up behind, reads Byron and Bulwer, wears balzarines from Madame Voizin's, eschews pantalettes, casts her eyes down at the sight of young gentlemen, has a small appetite, chiefly confined to salads and sweetmeats, and generally, when there's room enough, sits at the first table.

This answer was objected to—the witness having assumed to determine a strict question of law, which belonged to the judge to decide. It was contended, however, that, as a matter of technical opinion of a man of science in matters relating to his profession, the evidence was admissable.

"But," impatiently asked the defendant, "I wish to know of you, as a man of honor, if you consider my daughter, Angeline Ann, a young lady?"

Ans.—As a *man of gallantry* I am bound to say yes.

The Judge here rebuked the witness by informing him that it was a naked question of fact, presented to him, and he must answer according to his judgment and knowledge, and not according to his honor or gallantry.

"Well," replied the witness, "I think Miss Angelina Ann *is* a young lady."

"Why, my daughter!" remarked the complacent and youthful widower, "she is a mere child."

Ans.—That is because you look upon her through such youthful eyes.

What then is your reason for saying that she is a young lady?

Ans.—Well, if you will have it, I'll tell you. Miss Angelina Ann and I have taken sundry moonlight strolls, (at this announcement the defendant lifted his eyes and hands in astonishment and horror,) when if she had been a child she should have been at home in her juvenile couch; and during those walks she frequently quoted from Moore's Melodies, Byron's Childe Harold, and sung very sweetly, too, "Oft in the stilly night," "Come reign in this bosom," and "I dream't that I dwelt in marble halls."

"Is that all the proof you have of her being a young lady?" exclaimed defendant.

"No," replied the witness, "I have more. She sat at the same table with me. I observed that a nice dish of boiled cabbage and onions was placed opposite to her every day, and I never could persuade her to touch them. It is a fixed opinion of mine, that any individual of the feminine gender who will not touch onions stewed in butter, and nice *boiled cabbage*, is an indubitable, unquestionable, indisputable, downright young lady."

The defendant here gave up his case in despair, the Judge looked satisfied, and the plaintiff's attorney, gathering up his books and papers, retired with a quiet smile of exultation on his parchment countenance. Thus have our courts established a complete test and standard by which there will not in future be any doubt, so far as females are concerned, for the true meaning of the phrase—"*Children Half Price.*"—*N. O. Delta.*

Selected Articles.

SCRAPS.

The following fact we take from a recent work by a physician. A mother who was uneasy about the health of a child who was out at nurse, dreamed that it had been buried alive. The horrid thought woke her, and she determined to set off for the place without a moment's delay. On her arrival she learned that after a sudden and short illness, the child had died, and had just then been buried. Half frantic from this intelligence, she insisted upon the grave being opened, and the moment the coffin lid was raised, she carried off the child in her arms. He still breathed, and maternal cares restored him to life. The truth of this anecdote has been warranted—we have seen the child so wonderfully rescued—he is now, in 1848, a man in the prime of life, and filling an important post.

The other day some of the workmen on the new hotel in Flushing, New York, were in want of a short ladder, when it was recollected that there were two spliced together and standing against the building. Two Irishmen were directed to unsplice the ladders. Instead of lowering them to the ground, and there performing the work, they ascended, and upon the upper ladder commenced the operation of unloosening the fastenings. The consequence may be easily foreseen. The upper ladder, with two sons of St. Patrick upon it, came down "ker thump," landing Teddy and Pat into a bed of mortar below, very happily causing them no other injury than a severe fright. The idea of standing on the lower ladder, did not strike them until they struck their heads in the mortar.

A small crowd gathered before a window, recently, to admire the figure of a cat which was there, as if for public inspection. Nearly every one was delighted with its likeliness to life.—"But still," said Augustus, "there are faults in it; it is far from perfect; observe the defect in the foreshortening of that paw, now; and the expression of the eye, too, is bad; besides, the mouth is too far down under the chin, while the whiskers look as if they were coming out of her ears. It is too short, too,"—but, as if to obviate this defect, the figure stretched itself and rolled over in the sun. "It is a cat, I vow," said a bystander. "It is *alive*!"—shouted an urchin, clapping his hands. "Why, it's only a cat, arter all," said Mrs. Partington, as she surveyed it through her specs; but Augustus moved on, disappointed that nature had fallen so far short of his ideas of perfection in the manufacture of cats.

THE MARRIED FOLKS' NEW LETTER-WRITER.

The Philadelphia *Dispatch* thinks that the new law securing to married women their rights to property, is destined to revolutionize the hymeneal relations in this State. The rich wife, instead of being now at the mercy of her lord, in a thousand matters to her comfort, may rightly enforce a performance of the courting-time vows, by simply tightening the purse-strings. Shawls, bonnets, and new dresses, she may buy as many as she pleases, whether her husband grumbles or assents; and, if unable to pay, she may enjoy the delightful privilege of a personal introduction to sheriffs and constables.

The subject is suggestive of many thoughts, and among them is one touching the change that will now ensue in marital epistolary literature. The modern complete letter-writers have no provision for this emergency, and the Dispatch hastens to supply the vacuum. We deem it important to copy a few specimens of these model epistles. Here they are:

Letter 1.—*From a husband to his wife, asking for a cool fifty.*

"From the store, Market street—
"1½ o'clock.

"Dear Jane—I'm confoundedly 'short' to-day, having Jenkins' note to take up, and am deucedly afraid of a protest. Please send me a check for $50 by bearer. I expect money from Muddle's draft, next week, and will then refund it. I wait.

"Your dearest, CHARLES."

Letter 2.—*From a wife, who knows her rights, to a delinquent husband.*

"At home—quarter before two.

"Dear Charles—I am astonished that you should come to me for money, after the manner you have acted. I loaned you ten dollars last week, which you were to return next day. I did not hear a word from you for three days afterwards. Besides that, I gave you fifty cents yesterday to get tobacco, which you promised to repay at evening—I have not seen it yet. I should judge, from these facts, that you are 'hard up' and not to be trusted. If you are in failing circumstances, I've no disposition to lose by you. If you are much in want of money, I'll shave your note with a good endorser, at three per cent. a month. If you like this proposition, send up the note with an endorsement—say Snooks's; I suppose he'll endorse for you—you're always together. Let it be done right away, for I've got my bank-book ready, and want to make a deposit.

"Yours, JANE."

Letter 3.—*The husband's reply.*

"From the store—2 o'clock.

"Dear Jane—This is no time for jesting. If I do not get the $50 to-day, I shall be ruined—my credit will be gone, and everything brought to the hammer. The very house will be sold over our heads. Please send me the money immediately. This is a poor fulfilment of the love you pledged at the altar. Yours, CHARLES."

Letter 4.—*The wife's answer.*

"At home—quarter past two.

"Dear Charles—as a *friend*, I'm heartily sorry to hear of your troubles. However, it's nothing more than I expected. If you do fail, my advice to you is, to bear up under your sorrows; there is nothing like a stout heart to buoy one up in affliction. If the house is sold by the Sheriff, I have one consolation, that I can remove to my own. In regard to your unkind insinuation, about the love which I pledged at the altar, I beg to remind you that I promised *to love you according to law*—and the law allows me to manage my own property in my own way. However, as you can't get an endorser, I won't be hard upon you. Send me your note for $50 at sixty days, and $100 worth of silks as collateral, and I'll send you the $50. Hurry home—dinner's waiting.

"Yours, JANE."

Letter 5.—*From a "responsible" wife to a Tailor.*

"Saturday, May 27.

"Mr. Sheare—Sir: The bearer of this is my husband, who wants two pair of spring pantaloons. Please let him have them, and charge the same to my account. SUSAN SILVER.

"N. B.—I'll not pay higher than $12 for the two. If you allow him to exceed that amount, you do so on your own risk. S. S."

WHO DARE TO DIE?

There's a light that shineth, a lamp that burneth
Before the brave,
And he is the slave of Time who turneth
Back from the grave,
By sword or flood, by fire or wave,
When glares Death's eye,
All under the sun, who have great deeds done,
Will dare to die.

Will the monarch quit his lofty throne,
That mighty thing,
And shrink not to wrestle with Death alone,
A king with king?
Ay, he will dare the chance of the ring,
As well he can,
If he hath lived and himself believed
Less king than man.

Will the beggar in his rags dare death?
Yes—if his mind
Be free from fraud when he weeping saith—
"Oh pray be kind—
I have left many darling ones behind
Dying for bread!"
With a Christian's faith, what is there in Death
That he should dread?

Will the gaudy-plumed warrior fear to die,
Who, hand in hand,
Hath walked with Death, and heard his sharp cry
On sea and land?
Where Death is so red, he may fear not his brand,
But after the fight,
It is well for his errors if Death have no terrors,
When Death is white.

Will the poet or prophet—for both are one—
Like others dare?
Ay, more! for his love, like the light of the sun,
Shines every where,
And he who gives love treads the first white stair
Towards the sky,
And he may write, in his upward flight,
"I dare to die!"

THE MODEL DAUGHTER.

She comes down early to breakfast. She is always ready for dinner. She curls her own hair, and can undress herself without a servant. She is happy at home, without going to a ball every night. She has not a headache when her papa asks her to sing. She "practices" only when he is out. She does not have her letters addressed to the pastry-cooks, or make a postman of the house-maid. She does not read novels in bed. She dresses plainly for church, and returns to luncheon without her head crammed full of bonnets. She is not perpetually embroidering mysterious braces, or knitting secret purses, or having a Turkish slipper on hand for some anonymous foot in the Guards. Her fingers are not too proud to mend a stocking, or make a pudding. She looks attentively after the holes in her father's gloves. She is a clever adept in preparing gruel, white wine whey, chicken-broth, beef-tea, and the thousand little household delicacies of a sick room. She is a tender nurse, moving noiselessly about, whispering words of comfort, and administering medicine with an affection that robs it of half its bitterness. She does not scream at a leech, or faint at the sight of a black beetle. She does not spin poetry, nor devour it in any great quantity. She does not invent excuses for not reading the debates to her father of an evening, nor does she skip any of the speeches. She always has the pillow ready to put under his head when he falls asleep. She can behold an officer with womanly fortitude, without falling in love. She does not keep her mother waiting an hour at an evening party for "just another waltz." She never contracts a milliner's bill unknown to her parents—"she would die sooner." She never stitched a Red Turk in her life. She soars above Berlin wool, and crying—"one-two-three-one-two-three," continually. She knows nothing of crotchetts, or "Woman's Mission." She studies housekeeping, is perfect in the common rules of arithmetic, and can tell pretty nearly how many "long sixes" go to a pound. She checks the weekly bills, and does not blush if seen in a butcher's shop on a Saturday. She is not continually fretting to go to Paris, or "dying" to see Jenny Lind, nor does she care much about "that love, Mario." She does not take long walks by herself, and come home saying, "she lost her way." She treats her father's guests with equal civility, making no distinction between the gentleman and the tradesman. She is not fond of pulling all the things over a shop merely to buy "a paper of pins." She can pass a *Marchande de Mode's* without stopping. She never dresses in silks or satins the first thing in the morning, nor is she looking out of the window, or admiring herself in the looking-glass all day long. She makes the children's frocks, and plays a little at chess and back gammon, and takes a hand at whist occasionally, "anything to please her dear father." She does not send home "lovely" jewellery for her father to look at. She does not lace herself to death, nor take vinegar to make herself thin. She wears thick shoes in wet weather. She has a terrible horror of coquetting. She is kind to the servants, and conceals their little faults from their "Master and Missus." She never pouts if scolded, nor shuts herself up in her room to cultivate "the sulks." She is the pet of her "darling papa," and warms his slippers regularly on a winter's night, and lights his candle before going up to bed. She is her mamma's "dear good girl," as is sufficiently proved by her being entrusted with all the keys of the housekeeping. There is terrible crying when she is married, and for days after her absence nothing is heard in the house but regrets and loud praises, and earnest prayers for the happiness of the Model Daughter.

THE MODEL GENTLEMAN.

He never breaks a bank. He has never been known to dress up as a jockey, or try practical jokes on watermen, or empty flour-bags on chimney-sweeps. He shuns cross-barred trousers, horticultural scarfs, overgrown pins, and can wear a waistcoat without a cable's-length of gold chain round it. His linen is not illustrated, but beautifully clean. He never does "a little discounting," nor lend his hand to "flying a kite." His aversion for a Gent is softened by pity. He can look at a lady without the aid of an eye-glass. He allows a performer to talk louder than himself at the Theatre, and does not spring on the stage if there is a row at the Opera. He abhors a lie as he he does a Sheriff's officer. He is not prodigal of oaths, and is equally sparing of perfume. He does not borrow his English from the stables, and never puts his lips through a dreary fashionable course of lisping. He is not too proud to walk, or to carry an umbrella if it rains, and never waltzes with spurs after supper, even in uniform. He never bets beyond his means, and is not fond of playing high at cards. He never ruined a young man—to say nothing worse. He bows scrupulously even to an inferior. He never shrinks from an I. O. U., nor is he afraid of a bill, nor seized with a sudden shortness of memory at the sight of an old friend, whose coat is not so young as it used to be. He has never proved his cowardice by fighting a duel, giving satisfaction always in a more gentlemanly way. He pays for his clothes, disdaining to wear his tailor's in consideration for valuable introductions. His horses, too, are his own, and not purchased of his friends by a series of profitable exchanges. He is not madly attached to billiard-room, nor is he seen at Casinos. He locks up his conquests in his own heart, and his love-letters in his desk, rarely disclosing either to his most intimate friends. He does not bully his servants, nor joke with them, not cut a man because his father was in trade. He is not obsequious to a lord, nor does he hang on the skirts of the aristocracy, knowing that a man's nobility does not depend entirely upon his title, however old and unstained it may be. He travels to enjoy himself, and does not attempt to crush poor foreigners with English gold or pride. He values a thing, not by its price, but by its real value, and does not blush to drink beer if he is thirsty. He does not think it essential to his reputation to keep late hours, to pull down sign-boards, bait policemen, and besiege toll-keepers, during the night. He has no such violent love for door-knockers as to induce him to collect them. He is not facetious with waiters, or given to knock down a cabman by way of settling a fare. He is not afraid of laughing if he is amused, even in public, or of handing down an old lady with a turban to dinner, or dancing with his wife. He likes quiet, but does not hate children, and thinks a seat in the House of Commons not worth the bribery and the continual riot. He was never the hero of any wager, riding, running, racing, rowing, eating, or swimming, and does not know a single prize fighter. He is fond of amusements, but does not instal himself at the Opera every night, because it is fashionable. He follows the races; but goes down without a dog-cart and a key-bugle. He is unobtrusive in his dress, and very retired in his jewellery, and has an antipathy for a white hat with a black band, and all violent contradictions either in dress or conversation. He is generous, but does not give grand dinners and expensive suppers to persons he does not know or care about. He lends money; and, if he borrows any, he makes a strange practice of returning it. He rarely "speaks his mind," and is very timid in rushing into a quarrel—of husband and wife especially. He is a favorite with the ladies, but does not put too much starch in his politeness, or too much sugar in his compliments. In matters of scandal he is dumb, if not exactly deaf, and as to rumors, he only believes half (the kinder half, too,) of what he hears. He is not prejudiced himself, but has a kind toleration for the prejudices of others. His golden rule is never to hurt the feelings of anybody, or to injure a living creature by word or deed. All his actions, all his sentiments, are shaped to that noble end; and he dies, as he lives, "sans peur et sans reproche." This is the Model Gentleman.—*Punch.*

EXTRACTS FROM THE NEW NOVEL OF "ANGELA."

The new novel, by the author of "Two Old Men's Tales," "Emilia Wyndham," &c., &c., will not merely sustain, but increase the reputation of the great writer. We make one or two extracts from the first chapters:—

TRUE RELIGION.

"Never was piety more free from all the danger which attend upon an enthusiastic temper like hers. Serious, deeply serious, she was—yet free from all that moroseness of spirit which renders some forms of seriousness so repulsive. There was no arrogance, no self-righteousness, no comparison with or condemnation of others; there was little profession, and no display.

THE TEENS.

"The teens! that beautiful, mysterious portion of the life of man! when he is born as it were again to a new existence; when the sweet dream of infancy is over, and all its brilliant flowers are faded; when a sense of a higher meaning in the things of this world—a deep reaching of the spirit after the hidden life behind this varied curtain—a stretching forth of the soul toward the lofty, the generous, the heroic—those whisperings of the heart which tell of a higher destiny preparing, of something grand to be achieved, some great and noble end answered by this existence—this mind, this soul, now first surrendered as it were into our own hands, reveals itself. The teens! sacred interval before the prosaic, oft-told tale has begun, while life is yet to the young clear eye that which poetry is, or should be—'A more ample greatness, a more exact goodness, and a more absolute variety, than can be found in the nature of things.'

"The teens! Oh, what a gush of promise is there in that first burst of fervent life into flower! But the wind of the desert has passed over the blossoms, and where are they?"

A MOTHER'S RESPONSIBILITY.

"Upon the mother perhaps, most of all, the destiny of the man, as far as human means are to be regarded, depends. Fearful responsibility! and by too many mothers how carelessly, how thoughtlessly, how frivously, how almost wickedly, is the obligation discharged! How carelessly, at the very outset, is the young child left in the nursery, abandoned to the management and training of, at best, an ignorant, inefficient nurse; or too often, far, far worse, to an unprincipled or interested one! From these imperfect influences, to say the very best of them, at times assisted by those of the footman, groom, and other inhabitants of the stable yard, to be at once handed over to the chance direction of a school—chance direction, I say; for, in the best of schools, so much must necessarily depend upon chance—upon chances of observation upon the part of the master—chance companions—chance temptations—chance impressions—that, without a most serious and correct attention to the guiding influences from home, the boy is left exposed to all sorts of false directions, some of which it is almost certain he will follow.

"Thus he grows up to be a man, imperfect and contradictory; his moral character unformed—his aspirations ill directed—his temper undisciplined—his principles unsettled. He enters life an ill-trained steed; and the best that can be hoped for him is that the severe lash of disappointment, contradiction, and suffering, will, during the course of his career, supply the omissions of his youth, and train him at last, through much enduring, to that point from which a good education would have started him.

"I think many parents do not sufficiently reflect, when they send their boys to school, upon what the purpose of a school is, and upon what a rational being ought to expect from it. The school is intended to prepare the man for his *external* life, to capacitate him for the world's business; for all that has to do with active communications between fellow men it deals—and it can deal only with outsides. No master, however sedulous, can know much beyond the exterior of his pupils, or can have leisure or opportunity to attend to those finer influences from within, which it is the parent's part to understand and to direct. The inner life—that which, in fact, is the man—must be drawn from those on whose early tenderness the physical life depended. No one but the son knows how great are the influences the mother possesses over his heart; no one but the mother, perhaps, perfectly knows and understands the son."

Origin of the Exclusion of Ladies from the House of Commons.—A bill being under discussion which greatly affected the interests of a noble family of high and extensive connections, the galleries were daily crowded with the female relatives of the party, many of them, as may be easily imagined, full of the highest possible attractions, as youth, beauty, wit, &c. Upon which a member got up, and begged to put the question to the Speaker, "Whether the credit and character of the House did not most peremptorily require that in all their deliberations they should be free from any undue or extraordinary influence; and whether any of that honorable House could cast their eyes up to the galleries, and say they were so at that moment? He should, therefore, move that the bevy of beauties should immediately retire." The ladies obeyed, and have never been admitted since in the same manner.

Burke Defeated and Put to Flight.—Burke rose in the House with some papers in his hand, upon which he intended to make a motion; when a rough-hewn member started up and exclaimed, "Mr. Speaker, I hope the Honorable member, does not intend to read that large bundle of papers, and to bore us with a long speech into the bargain.' Mr. Burke was so suffocated with rage as to lose all utterance, and absolutely ran out of the house; upon which George Selwyn remarked, it was the only time that he had seen the fable realized—"A lion put to death by the braying of an ass."

THE ASTOR WARDROBE.

The public may not be aware, probably, of the fact, that at one time the Astors had some idea of turning theatrical managers—it chanced in this wise. Simpson had submitted year after year to the increase of the rent of the Park Theatre, until it reached the immense sum of $18,000 per annum; which, for a property that originally cost only $80,000, was a very fair interest. But, some fifteen or twenty years since, he remonstrated with them, and decidedly objected to pay the rent they demanded; consequently the negotiations terminated, and the Messrs. Astors determined to become managers themselves, and as a preliminary step sent to France for a complete wardrobe. In due time it arrived, but meanwhile arrangements had been made, by which Mr. Simpson was to continue the lessee of the establishment.

The wardrobe, therefore, was deposited in Mr. Astor's storehouse, and remained there undisturbed, for many years. Probably fourteen or fifteen years elapsed, before they again saw the light, and when they did, it is needless to say, that despite the tobacco which had been plentifully scattered throughout the cases, the garments were considerably the worse for moths. Seeing their condition, therefore, Mr. Astor had a generous impulse, and sent them to the Park Theatre, with the following note:—

"Mr. Astor's compliments to Mr. Simpson, and in consideration of the large sums of money he has paid, as rent for the Park Theatre, begs his acceptance of the accompanying wardrobe."

The articles were contained in twelve cases, and as Mr. Simpson was aware of their condition, he, after a due acknowledgment to Mr. Astor, had them conveyed to a lumber-room in the theatre, and thought no more about the matter. Not so, however, Mr. Astor, for after the lapse of a few weeks he despatched another note as follows:—

"Mr. Astor's compliments to Mr. Simpson, and begs to say, that, although he presented him with the wardrobe, he did not intend to include the *cases*; therefore, if not returned, he will please to send twelve dollars."

Mr. Simpson, whose amiability and forbearance are proverbial, could not, however, stand this; it was bad enough to take the rubbish, even with the qualification of the cases, but without them! the thing was utterly impossible; he therefore wrote the following note, and placing the cases on several carts, despatched them to the liberal donor:—

"Mr. Simpson's compliments to Mr. Astor, and inasmuch as the cases appear to be the only means by which the wardrobe is kept together, he begs to return the whole."—*N. Y. Island City.*

Beautiful Poem.

FROM "THE NEW YORK EVENING POST."

PICTURES OF MEMORY.

BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

Among the beautiful pictures
That hang on memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth the best of all.
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the mistletoe,
Not for the violets golden,
That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milk-white lilies,
That lean from the fragrant hedge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland,
Where the bright red berries rest,
Nor the pinks, nor the pale sweet cowslip,
It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother
With eyes that were dark and deep—
In the lap of that old dim forest,
He lieth in peace asleep;
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there, the beautiful summers,
The summers of "long ago;"
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And, one of the autumn eves,
I made for my little brother,
A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face.
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.
Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
That one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

Humorous Articles.

"SOMETHING FROM THE JUDGE."

Travelling through some of the interior counties of Pennsylvania, many years ago, I fell in with, and rode with, for some two or three days, a celebrated wag by the name of Harris, known in regions far and near, as "Jim Harris the wag." Jim was of a distinct and peculiar order of wags, forming a genus by himself; and had any naturalist undertaken to seek out its corresponding species and varieties, he would have found none, unless he happened to light on our celebrated Niel McKinnon.

In the course of our journeying we passed through a settlement of Dunkers—a simple, honest, inoffensive people, living in communities like our Shakers, and much resembling them in habits and personal appearance, except that they wear their beards long, like the Israelites of old. Meeting one with an unusually long black beard, reaching to his middle, Jim rode up to him, and, with a very grave face, said to him—

"Pray, sir, have you been swallowing a horse?"

"Swallowing a horse!" exclaimed the simple Dunker. "No, sir! What put it into your head that I had been swallowing a horse?"

"Oh, nothing," said Jim; "only I saw the tail hanging out of your mouth, and I thought you might have swallowed the other part of the animal!"

Our own Neil McKinnon, whom everybody has heard of, and whose anecdotes are remembered by all the oldest inhabitants of the city, furnishes, perhaps, the nearest parallel to Harris, that can be found, with the exception that McKinnon seldom went out by day, but, like the owl, flew mostly by night—whereas Harris flew by day as well as night.

When the celebrated "Copenhagen Jackson" was the British Minister in this country, he resided in this city, and occupied a house on Broadway. Neil, one night, at a late hour, in company with a bevy of his rough riders, while passing the house, noticed that it was brilliantly illuminated, and that several carriages were waiting at the door.

"Hallo!" said our wag, "what's going on at Jackson's?"

One of his company remarked that Jackson had a party that evening.

"What!" exclaimed Neil, "Jackson have a party, and I not invited! I must see to that."

So stepping up to the hall, he gave such a ring as soon brought a servant to the door.

"I want to see the British Minister," said Neil.

"You will have to call some other time," said the servant, "for he is now engaged at a game of whist, and must not be disturbed."

"Don't talk to me that way," said McKinnon, "but go directly and tell the British Minister I must see him immediately on special business."

The servant obeyed, and delivered the message in so impressive a style as to bring Mr. Jackson to the door forthwith.

"Well, sir," said Jackson, "what can be your business with me at this time of night, which is so very urgent?"

"Are you Mr. Jackson?" inquired Neil.

"Yes, sir, I am Mr. Jackson."

"The British Minister?"

"Yes, sir, the British Minister."

"You have a party here to-night, I perceive, Mr. Jackson?"

"Yes, sir, I have a party."

"A large party, I presume?"

"Yes, sir, a large party."

"Playing cards, I understand?"

"Yes, sir, playing cards."

"Oh, well," said Neil, "as I was passing, I merely called to inquire *what's trumps*."

VOTING ON STEAMBOATS.

The practice of testing the popularity of candidates by taking the votes on board of steamboats, canal packets, and other public conveyances is admirably ridiculed by a story in a late number of the St. Louis Reveille. It appears that after taking the votes of most of the passengers on board a steamboat, the tellers came to a party of German emigrants.

"Are you for Cass or Taylor?" enquired the Democrat, addressing a little German.

"Yaw, me *dailor*," he said.

The Democrat now asked the little German to sign his name to the candidate's list in whose favor he had declared himself.

"Oh, nix—nix ferstehe—no, no write—nix, nix!" He had learned enough English to keep his signature from papers which he could not read.

"You say you are for Taylor?" inquired the friend of the old General.

"Yaw, me *dailor*," answered the German.

"Well, set him down as one, any how," said the former.

"Ain't you for Cass, now?" inquired the Democrat.

"Yaw, me *cash dailor*," answered the German.

"Ain't you all for Cass?" further inquired the Democrat, making a sign encircling the whole deck load.

"Yaw, all for *cash*!" repeated the emigrant.

"I know'd it," said the Democrat, and he instantly counted the party, and added them to his list. Holding the scroll to the German's face, he finally inquired—

"All right, ain't it?"

"Yaw, cash!" answered the German.

It was not until the vote was decided in favor of Cass, that *it* was discovered the German was a *tailor* and meant to do work for cash.

Life in the Army.

A MILITARY FLOGGING.

A Mr. Alexander Somerville, formerly a private in the "Royal North British Dragoons," has published, in London, "The Autobiography of a Working Man." The author of this work was in the Dragoons during the English Reform Agitation, in 1832, and wrote, anonymously, in favor of this movement, a letter, which was published in a London Newspaper. He subsequently admitted the authorship to one of his officers, who, not being able to punish him directly for writing the letter, made a frivolous charge against him, and had him tried by a court martial, which sentenced him to receive *two hundred lashes*, ostensibly for disobedience, but really for publishing the letter. In the work just published, he gives the following account of the horrible execution of the sentence:—

The large folding doors of the riding school were thrown open; and when we entered were closed behind us. The regiment was formed four deep round the walls, facing inwards. We proceeded to one end of the school. The commanding officer then gave the command to the regiment, "attention!" and immediately after, "draw swords!" upon which the regiment drew swords, bringing them to the position of "carry," each man's sword upright a few inches in front of his shoulder. The officers stood in an oblong space within the lines of men. The regimental surgeon was also there, the hospital sergeant, and two hospital orderlies. The sergeant of the band stood with the green bag, and Farrier Simpson, and a trumpeter, each stood with a nine-tailed whip, vulgarly called a "cat" in his hand. The sergeant had two more in the bag, to be ready in case these should give way. The handles were of wood or whalebone, about two feet long, the "tails" about the same length, each tail two or perhaps three times the thickness of ordinary whip cord, with six hard knots upon it. A form and chair stood close by, and on the form a pailful of water, with some towels in the water to apply to my back, and a basin containing water on the table to give me to drink should I become faint. These were in charge of the hospital sergeant and his orderlies. A ladder was placed upright against the wall, and several strong looking ropes, half an inch thick, or thereabouts, with nooses to them, hung about the ladder, and lay on the ground. All these things I saw while advancing to their vicinity, at the upper end of the school. When arrived there, we got "right about turn," and then the word "halt." The guard withdrew a few paces, so that I should be fully within view of the regiment. The adjutant then handed the written minutes of the court martial to the commanding officer, which the latter held in his hand while giving the commands, "attention," and "draw swords." When the men had brought their swords to the "carry," he gave "slope swords," then "steady," and, lastly, "pay attention to the proceedings of a regimental court martial." This done, he read the minutes as I have quoted them in the last chapter, his back to me, his face to the regiment. On concluding he turned to me and said, "You will take your punishment; strip, sir." I proceeded at once to unbutton, and take off my regimental jacket. The sergeant of the band, with great alacrity, came to assist. I said, in an under tone, that I would take my things off myself. One of the orderlies took my jacket and cap, another my stock, and laid them on the form; I handed my shirt to the sergeant, who fastened it round my middle. One of the orderlies took a rope with a noose on it, and running the noose upon the wrist of my arm, put the other end through a ring, which was fastened in the wall, at the distance of several yards from the upright ladder. Another orderly took another rope with a noose, and fastening it in like manner upon my left wrist, drew the other end of it through a ring, at a distance of several yards on the opposite side of the ladder. They then drew each his rope, until my arms were stretched outward and my breast and face were brought closely and tightly against the ladder. Two other soldiers came with two other ropes with nooses. They lifted my right foot, and put one of the nooses over my foot, and ran it up tightly upon my ankle; and then lifted my left foot, and ran the noose of the other rope tightly upon my left ankle. They each put his rope through a ring in the wall, near the ground, and brought the ends round the upright ladder, and each of my legs, several times, until I was bound so fast that I could not move. The regimental sergeant-major, who stood behind, with a book and pencil to count each lash, and write its number, gave the command, "Farrier Simpson, you will do your duty."

The manner of doing that duty is to swing the "cat" twice round the head, give a stroke, draw the tails of the cat through the fingers of the left hand, to rid them of skin, or flesh, or blood; again swing the instrument twice round the head slowly, and come on, and so forth. Simpson took the "cat" as ordered; at least I believe so; I did not see him, but I felt an astounding sensation between the shoulders, under my neck, which went to my toe nails in one direction, and my finger nails in another, and stung me to the heart, as if a knife had gone through my body. The sergeant-major called in a loud voice, "*one*." I felt as if it would be kind of Simpson not to strike me on the same place again. He came on a second time a few inches lower, and then I thought the former stroke was sweet and agreeable compared with that one. The sergeant-major counted "*two*." The "cat" was swung twice round the farrier's head again, and he came on somewhere about the right shoulder blade, and the loud voice of the reckoner said "*three*." The shoulder blade was as sensitive as any other part of the body, and when he came again on the left shoulder, and the voice cried "*four*," I felt my flesh quiver in every nerve, from the scalp of the head to my toe nails. The time between each stroke seemed so long as to be agonizing, and yet the next came too soon. It was lower down, and felt to be the severest. The word "*five*" made me betake myself to mental arithmetic; this, thought I, is only the fortieth part of what I am to get. "*Six*" followed, so on, up to "*twenty-five*." The sergeant-major then said "halt!" Simpson stood back, and a young trumpeter who had not flogged before, took his cat and began. He had practised often at a stable post, or a sack of sawdust, and could handle the instrument as scientifically as any one. He gave me some severe cuts about the ribs, first on one side and then on the other. Some one bade him hit higher up, I do not know whom. He then gave them upon the blistered and swollen places, where Simpson had been practising. The pain in my lungs was now more severe, I thought, than on my back. I felt as if I would burst, in the internal parts of my body. I could have cried out; and, I doubt not, would have taken less harm from the punishment had that *firmness*, which phrenologists say is strongly developed in my cranium, permitted me to break my resolution. I had resolved that I would die, before I would utter a complaint or a groan. I detected myself once giving something like a groan, and to prevent its utterance again, I put my tongue between my teeth, held it there, and bit it almost in two pieces. What with the blood from my tongue and my lips, which I had also bitten, and the blood from my lungs, or some other internal part, ruptured by the writhing agony, I was almost choked, and became black in the face. The hospital sergeant, seeing this, brought the basin of water, and put it to my lips; I indignantly withdrew my head from it, and the revulsion, and change of feeling, somewhat relieved me.

It now became Simpson's second turn to give twenty-five. Only fifty had been inflicted, and the time since they began was like a long period of life; I felt as if I had lived all the time of my real life in pain and torture, and that the time when existence had pleasure in it was a dream, long, long gone by. Simpson got up among the old sores; the strokes were not so sharp as at first; they were like blows of heavy weights, but more painful than the fresh ones. It was now that he—probably more inclined to remember that he was my friend than a farrier—was commanded in a loud voice, in these words, formerly quoted, "Farrier Simpson, do your duty." He travelled downwards, and came on heavier than before, but as I thought, slower. It seemed a weary slowness for the sergeant-major, to be only counting the fifteenth and sixteenth of the the third twenty-five. I then uttered the only words which I spoke during the whole time, namely, "Come quicker on, Simpson, and let it be done; you are very slow." The poor fellow was slow, from aversion to the task; I do not know if he gave the strokes more quickly; they all seemed to last too long. When the other youngster had reached, or nearly, his second twenty-five, I felt as if I could yield, and beg forgiveness; but next moment the coward thought was rebuked within me, and banished.

"Not from them," said I, mentally, "shall I beg forgiveness," but I prayed to God to put it into their minds to stop, and pardon me the remainder.

When this five-and-twenty was completed, which made a hundred, the commanding officer said,—

"Stop, take him down, he is a young soldier."

I was then unbound. One of the wet towels was spread upon my back, my jacket laid loosely over the towel, and I was led to the hospital between two men. There, a cloth dipped in a lotion of some kind, was put over my skin, and I was laid down on my back. It soon became so stiff, that to rise seemed as impossible as to rise with the weight of a ton fastened to me. I felt as if dragged down by tons of heaviness. When fresh lotions were put to my back, two orderlies came, one on each side, and lifted me by the arms.

A Girl of Sense and Spirit.—A couple proceeded to a church not many miles from Spalding to be married, and just as they entered the porch of the church, the bride, turning to her intended better half, asked him what o'clock it was, when he savagely replied,

"What's that to you?"

"Oh," replied the astonished fair one, "if such be your conduct before, what would it be after marriage? So, good morning to you." And so saying, curtseyed, and wished him a good morning, leaving him to lament his ill-timed ebullition of bad feeling.

Agricultural.

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

Oyster Shells as a Manure.—It has recently been ascertained by actual experiment, that ground oyster shells will prevent the depredations of the yellow bug, which so fatally infests our gardens during the spring and summer; and, furthermore that it is a most efficient and *permanent* manure. I have known several instances in which its application to crops of the culmiferous order, has been attended with the most flattering success. A friend who has had much experience in agricultural and horticultural matters, and who, besides his valuable practical knowledge in these arts, is also a skillful entomologist, informs me that he has never applied this article to his vines without finding them greatly advantaged thereby, as the yellow bug will never even alight on the leaves when there is the least sprinkling of oyster dust on the surface. He thinks it a preventive of other evils besides being a most valuable adjunct in promoting the development of the crop.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Cranberries on Upland.—Mr. Gardner, of Massachusetts, according to a statement in the Farmers' Cabinet, raised a full crop of cranberries last year on upland, while those on their native swamps were killed by frost.

Modes of Destroying Rats.—Dr. J. V. C. Smith, of Boston, stated at one of the meetings at the State House, that he had had some experience in destroying rats and mice. The use of ratsbane he considered of very little service; after one or two have partaken of it, the others will not touch it. In England, the work of destroying rats is followed as employment. A person goes about the county and engages to destroy one or more hundred for a stipulated sum. He carries a large bag with him, which he sets open, and with a piece of hard-baked bread, covered with a preparation of the oil of anise and the oil of rhodium, entices them to enter, by means of the charming odor it emits, and thus is enabled to entrap the number required.

Another method suggested was to catch one or two rats, cover them well with tar and let them loose again. Upon this, the other rats will turn upon them, and will commence a civil war with one another, which will result in clearing them all from the premises.

Another mode had been tried by mixing a table-spoonful of pulverized plaster of Paris with a little sugar, in a tea-cupful of Indian meal. Throwing pulverized potash in their pathways, will give them such sore feet that it will cause them to forsake their customary haunts.

Lands on the Canada Line.—Ex-Governor Hill, of New Hampshire, speaking of a trip he made along the Canada Line, between Lower Canada and Vermont, and New Hampshire, thus expresses himself:—"I was surprised at the extent and value of this whole country for farming purposes. I believe the belt of country for 100 miles South of 45th degree and Eastward of Lake Champlain, over Vermont and New Hampshire, through the whole extent of Maine to the Bay of Fundy and the sea, to be the most valuable tract of land in New England. The Canada townships, of ten miles square, farther North, are splendid. Stanstead may be taken as a sample. The best township of Vermont is said to be Derby, lying by the side of it. The cattle, and all the productions of these two towns are on a larger scale than we find down South."

NEW MODE OF SETTING POSTS.

The first, and one of the most important subjects to be considered in the commencement of farming, is that of fences, and as there is no other business that requires more wisdom and economy to ensure success, it is necessary first to determine on good fences in all cases, and then to consider how they may be made good at the least possible expense.—As the post and board fence is adapted to more situations and circumstances probably than any other, and as the manner of constructing it is somewhat varied and expensive under any and all circumstances, it may be well to suggest here a new and cheap mode of setting posts, which is the most expensive part in the labor of constructing a good and cheap board fence.

A small pile driver may be constructed so as to fit the bolsters of a common wagon, with the hammer to work immediately behind the hind axle tree; the hammer should weigh about two hundred pounds, to be able to drive large posts with facility, without being too heavy for one horse to draw up without a purchase; the frame work may be so constructed as not to be unwieldy, or much more inconvenience to shift on or off of a wagon than a common hay or wood rack. When in use, the wagon containing the machine must be placed on a line with the fence, with the hammer directly over where the post is to stand, the wheels firmly blocked, and the horses detached. The post, having been sharpened, is raised to its place by the hammer rope, in the same manner as heavy piles are raised, when a few drops of the hammer set it firmer than could be done by digging a hole for the purpose, and with less than half the expense of labor. The horse is then attached to the wagon which is drawn to where the next post is to stand, and the same process repeated. This method may be adopted on all level land with the best success; it is a perfectly simple operation, and so cheap that it only requires an introduction to get it into use in a very short time.

Pile-driving, heretofore, has been very correctly considered a heavy and expensive business; but when we consider the difference between the expense of building and working a machine to drive large piles, thirty or forty feet deep, and another to drive small ones, two or three feet, it will be readily seen that fence posts may be driven, in the manner described above, much cheaper and better than they can be set in any other way. When the posts are set, the boards should be nailed on the middle post with one nail in each, and allowed to lap at the ends from four to six inches. A narrow board should be put up and down the posts to cover the ends of the boards, and pins made of cedar or some durable timber, put through into the posts, passing under the boards to prevent any bad effects from the expansion and contraction of the boards in wet and dry weather, which, though very small in one length, amounts to enough to do much mischief, in loosening posts and breaking nails, in a long stretch of straight fence. The posts should be sawed off at the top, with an inclination downwards from the face, and a short sound piece of board nailed on to carry off the rain. This is the cheapest *good* board fence that can be made, and should you consider it of consequence, I will give you a plan and estimate of the expense of a machine, and the building of such a fence.—*Albany Cultivator.*

For Housekeepers.

OLD SCRAPS FOR YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.

SELECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Be sure you have your spit and tin oven very clean and bright, and for this end wash them, if possible, before they get cold. If they stand, pour boiling water on to them. Have a small, brisk fire, when the meat is thin and tender, but when large, and requires long roasting, have a more solid one. Set the meat, at first, some distance from the place where it is to roast, so as to have it heat through gradually, and then move it up to roast.—Slow roasting, especially at first, and still more for large pieces, is very important. Allow about fifteen minutes, for each pound of most kinds of meat, and if it is cold weather, or the meat fresh killed, more time is required, probably twenty minutes for each pound.

When the meat is nearly done stir up the fire to brown it. The meat should be basted a good deal, especially the first part of the time. Let meat be spitted so as to be equally balanced. When the meat is nearly done the steam from it will be drawn toward the fire. A pale brown is the proper color for a roast. Some dredge on flour and baste, a short time before roasted meats are done.

Whenever fresh lard is used instead of butter, in the dripping-pan, or to rub on meats, more salt must be used. Floor thickening in gravies must be wet up with very little water till the lumps are out, and then made thin. Never dredge flour into gravies, as it makes lumps. Strain all gravies.

ROAST LAMB.

The fore and hind quarter of lamb are used for roasting. Rub on a little softened butter, and then some salt and pepper, heat the bony side first, then turn and roast by a brisk fire, allowing about fifteen minutes. Put a pint of water and a teaspoonful of salt in the dripping-pan, and a little lard or butter. Lamb is to be cooked thoroughly.

The following is a very excellent sauce for lamb. Pick, wash, and shred fine, some fresh mint, put on it a tablespoonful of sugar, and four tablespoonfuls of vinegar; or, chop some hard pickles to the size of capers, and put them to half a pint of melted butter, and a teaspoonful of vinegar.

TO ROAST A SPARE RIB.

Rub with salt, pepper, and powdered sage. Put the bone side to warm slowly. Dredge on a little flour, and put a little salted water and butter into the dripping-pan, and baste with it. If large, it requires three hours; if small, only one to cook it. Pork must be cooked slowly and very thoroughly.

A DREAM.

Thy head was on my shoulder leaning;
Thy hand in mine was gently prest;
Thine eyes, so soft and full of meaning,
Were bent on me and I was blest.

No word was spoken—all was feeling—
The silent transport of the heart;
The tear that o'er thy cheek was stealing
Told what dull words could ne'er impart.

And could this be but mere illusion?
Could fancy all so real seem?
Here fancy's scenes are wild confusion:
And can it be, I did but dream?

I'm sure I felt thy forehead pressing;
Thy very breath stole o'er my cheek;
I'm sure I saw those eyes confessing
The thoughts the tongue could never speak.

Ah! no, 'tis gone, 'tis gone, and never
Can mine such waking transport be;
Oh! I would sleep, would sleep forever,
Could I thus always dream of thee.

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 20, 8, 5, 15, 18, 12, is a county in Vermont.
My 14, 18, 16, 3, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 9, 7, 17, 22, 16, 17, 18, 9, 20, 15, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 19, 12, 6, 8, 11, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 13, 3, 15, 5, 17, 18, 20, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 1, 16, 20, 18, 10, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 7, 15, 16, 20, 17, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 19, 20, 22, 6, 14, 8, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 10, 21, 2, 14, is a county in North Carolina.
My 4, 7, 8, 8, 11, is a county in North Carolina.
My whole is one of my best friends.
Fairfield. J. H. W.

CHARADES.

1.

My first's a mean and humble bed,
Where poverty reclines;
You'll find my next on bushes spread,
When summer's sunbeam shines.
My whole's a pleasant cooling fruit
That fails not every taste to suit.

2.

If my second you can, at request of a friend,
Then let not my first be preferred;
Well performed, if it answers no permanent end,
It doubtless will make you my third.

RIDDLE.

I ever live man's unrelenting foe,
Mighty in mischief though I'm small in size;
And, be at last, that seeks to lay me low
My food and habitation both supplies.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

Bought hose in London for 6 shillings 3 pence a pair, and sold them in Dublin for 6 shillings a pair. Now taking the charges at an average to be 8 pence a pair, and the exchange is known to be 8¼ disadvantage. What do I gain per cent. by this article of trade?

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why are a man's feet like an arrested soldier?
Ans.—Because they are under arms.

☞ Why is a man that squints like a needle that cannot be threaded?
Ans.—The eye is defective.

☞ Why is a fan like a peace maker?
Ans.—It allays heat.

☞ Why is an architect like a great actor?
Ans.—He draws houses.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA—Grace Greenwood.
CHARADES—Blue beard—Worm wood.
RIDDLE—The little finger.

The Olio.

THE DISCONSOLATE WIDOW.

"An old Sexton" who is writing some "yarns" for a Boston paper, tells the following among other hard stories. We beg our fair readers to understand that we believe both stories to be, unadulterated fictions.

South said there was nothing half so restless as an Irish widow. He said that a young Tipperary widow, Nelly McPhee, I think he called her, was courted, and actually had an offer from Tooley O'Shane, on the way to her husband's funeral. "She accepted, of course," said Grossman. "No she didn't," said Smith—"Tooley, dear," said she, "y'are too late; [illegible] I shook hands wi' Paddy Sweeney upon it, that I would have him in a decent time arter M'Phee went [illegible]." "Well," said Grossman, "widows of all nations are much alike. There was a Dutch woman, whose husband, Diedrich Van Pronk, kicked the bucket and left her inconsolate. He was buried on Copp's Hill. Folks said grief would kill that widow. She had a figure of wood carved that looked very much like her late husband, and placing it in her bed constantly kept it there for several months.

"In about half a year, she became interested in a young shoemaker, who got the length of her foot, and finally married her. He had visited the widow, not more than a fortnight, when the servants told her that they were out of kindling stuff, and asked what should be done. After a pause, the widow replied, in a quiet way—'Maybe it ish well enough now to split up old Van Pronk, of ish up stair.'"

A GOOD ONE.

The New Jersey Union tells a good story of a young man engaged to be married. On the night of the great occasion it chanced to rain terribly, and when the guests assembled they were astonished to find that the groom was not there. After waiting a long time, a Committee of three was detailed to go over to his house and inquire what had happened. They found him thrashing in the barn as if nothing at all important was on hand. They made known their errand. Jake dropped his flail and lifted up both hands, while his eyes and mouth became considerably enlarged. He approached the barn-door, and looking alternately at the clouds and at the young men, exclaimed, "Goodness gracious, Bill! *you don't really think it will go on, do you?*"

Sand.—It was the remark of a sage, "Do not despise small things." How true is this expression when used in reference to the dust beneath our feet. Liebig has placed glass as one of the revolutionizers of the world—a great agent in the cause of civilization. Glass cannot be made without sand. Our castings, the finest and most mighty, are moulded in sand, and even the metals could not be reduced from some of their ores without sand as a flux. In copper smelting, glass is formed to dissolve the iron which is formed in the copper ore, so as to leave pure copper—hence to sand we owe the possession of the metals. The blacksmith uses sand to effect the welding of his pieces of malleable iron; and in the reduction of some iron ores sand is indispensable.

Revolutionary Anecdote.—We find the following in the *Deutsche Schnellpost*:

"At the last rising of the people in Weimar, the benevolent Grand Duke walks backward and forward in his castle, asking:—'What do all these people want, then? I have not asked them to come here.' When it was hinted that they desired work, he answered—'Work! good Heaven, work! *I have nothing to do myself!*'

—"The Constitutionalists say—'The people are not yet ripe for a Republic.' A cunning peasant in Baden, lately answered—'They certainly must be ripe, for they are already *falling off*!'"

Diminished Prices.—A writer in Hunt's Magazine says, when he commenced trade in this country, many years ago, he sold English chintz prints for 15 cents a yard, and a servant girl received for wages 50 cents per week, and paid $4 for a dress pattern; now a girl gets $1 to $2 per week, and yet can purchase a first rate article for a dress at 18 cents per yard. This change he attributes to the increase of population, improvement in machinery, particularly the invention of the spindles, competition, manufacturing our own goods, and substituting capital for credit.

Sanded Sugar.—A villainous practice is growing up, of adulterating sugar with fine sand. In some cases, the quantity of sand is so minute in a pound of sugar, that it excites very little remark, but dissolving a small quantity of the sugar in a tumbler of water, the extent of the fraud will readily be detected. It is asserted that some wretches use glass instead of sand. Glass is a deadly poison, in such cases, as it lacerates the stomach and the alimentary passages, and gradually produces death. We advise our readers to examine sugar before buying it.

Foundling Hospitals.—"On passing the foundling hospital at the western end of the city, (Dublin) O'Connell said, 'That is one of the institutions of mistaken philanthropy. It encouraged vice by affording so easy mode of disposing of its consequences. And then there was the hideous risk of incestuous marriages, from the foundlings, ignorance of their relationship to each other, or to the rest of the world. The late Dr. Troy, the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, distinctly traced proofs, that in one case a youth brought up in the foundling hospital, had married his mother!'"

Very Boyish.—Is not the following one of Dicken's happiest slips of the pen? It is so true to life. The boys have retired to their bed-room, after being drilled and bored by Dr. Blimber. "Briggs said his head ached ready to split, and he should wish himself dead, if it wasn't for his mother and a *blackbird* he had at home."

☞ Santa Anna's cane and military hat, taken by Gen. Lane, have arrived at Baltimore. Every part of the Mexican has been taken except his body. He has ever lost his reputation.